HARVEST FESTIVAL,
CANADA, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
NEWFOUNDLAND, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.

THE GENERAL'S VISIT,
ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland,
September 18th or 19th.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 46. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUGUST 18. 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland] PRICE 5 CENTS.

The Salvation War in the East

OPEN-AIR TACTICS PROVE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL.

NEW GLASGOW EXCURSION

Camp Meetings — A Lovely Sail — The Searchlight On—Grand Time.

HURRAH for the Salvation Excursion," was the heading of posters we saw all over the town, and accordingly expectation ran high for a big day.

Most of our dear soldiers work in the steel smelting works for which New Glasgow is famous, and our Westville and Stellarton comrades in the coal mines, and their work is of the very hardest and most dangerous kind, so that they know how to appreciate a day off at Rustico Beach with their wives and children.

Although the morning was foggy and seemed rather doubtful, yet we believed for a fine day, and were not disappointed, although many, no doubt, stayed home afraid of rain. On the arrival of the train which brought our Westville and Stellarton comrades, the boat moved off with a jolly crowd aboard. The Halifax Corps Band was with us, also Ensign Hartrey, of the Rescue Work, and, amalgamated with New Glasgow Band, made a stirring good big band, which was well worth listening to I assure you. Bandmaster Heisler gets there and back. After a beautiful trip down the river, we arrived at Rustico Beach, one of God's pretty spots, with its hills and groves, pure air, the waters of Northumberland Straits washing up on its beautiful beach, making altogether a very healthy and charming place for a day off. We furnished all our own refreshments, providing dinner and tea, lunches, fruits, drinks, etc., etc., which kept some folks busy I assure you; but they worked with a good will while others took in the scenery. Mr. and Mrs. Logan helped us nobly. John, Fred, and Fraser were melting.

On board the Steamer "Egerton," noted for her Powerful Search-light.

We held a glorious meeting in the shade after dinner, at which I announced

The General's Coming Visit,

which was received with great joy. Some straight, good testimonies to God's power were given, plenty of music, and good was done, as shown by the appreciative crowd of listeners. Another meeting was held after supper on the beach. Ensign Hartrey and the Halifax Band had to leave us for Pictou early in the evening for a Rescue meeting. God bless them, they helped us nobly.

Once more on our way home, tired but happy. Everything passed off beautiful, love, peace, joy, and unity seemed to reign. Glory to God. On board the steamer *Egerton*, noted for her powerful searchlight for finding her way up the river, it was beautiful, indeed to see it, and taught me quite a lesson which OUR readers may perhaps get some day. A big crowd awaited our arrival home; also a special train for our Westville and Stellarton comrades. Thus ended a glorious, happy day, a foretaste of the joy of Heaven. Hallelujah!

He that gathereth in the summer is a wise son, but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—Proverbs x, 5.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—RESCUE WORKERS CAMPAIGNING.—Ensign Hartrey, assisted by Captain Heisler and Halifax band, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with us. For some time we had been looking forward to these meetings, and they were all, in fact, more than we anticipated. Owing to the delay of the Pictou boat, the Saturday night's meeting was late in starting, but once opened, it went with a bang. The morning holiness meeting was enjoyed by all lovers of purity and godliness. The weather being fine, everyone looked for a good time in the park in the afternoon, and were by no means disappointed. The crowds were immense; the bandmaster expressed himself by saying, "Bless us all, this takes the cake." Some said the crowds got into the thousands, and judging from our march home, they were right. The march was fully three-quarters of a mile long (shall I count them as being on the Salvation March, Brigadier?) A packed-out hall at night. A very impressive meeting. Tears from many eyes when Captain Heisler and two of the band boys sang,

"I'll go with Him all the way."

Two out for salvation.

Monday night Ensign was to speak upon the Rescue work, that being the object of her visit here. Many were anxious to hear her, and a good meeting followed, much enjoyed by all present. The band boys did their part well, both in private and in public, and if they will pardon me, for I am Ensign—and the Captain will—when I say little Willie was the centre of attraction.

We all went to Summerside for Tuesday night, had a good time, town all alive, the band was all there. Bandsman Harry's instrument will be heard many years after this, that's if the fellow keeps the piece that was played into the phonograph.

Georgetown is getting along quite well. Captain Cummins is doing his best. May God bless him. It means something to be there for months alone, but he is the right kind of stuff for such a place as Georgetown.

Ensign HUGHES.

New Glasgow Comrades enjoy a foretaste of the peace of Heaven at Rustico Beach, one of God's pretty spots.

All the Way from the International Congress.

THE 'CRY' MAN RUNS UP AGAINST "PEGGAWAYER."

Sweeps Down on the Veritable "Move On," and "Takes In" the Printing Manager and His Helpmeet.

ALL THREE PARTIES WAX ELOQUENT.—THE CONGRESS PAST DESCRIBING.

Kisses for the Commandant.

Kindness Lavished on Our Canadian Party.

It was already dark and the WAR CRY man was just leaving the Editorial rooms when an active little figure with face bronzed and bearded appeared on the Albert Street sidewalk.

It was our old friend "Peggawayer," more correctly, Adjutant Miller, sure enough.

"Why, Adjutant, you back? Glad to see you have returned safely. How well you are, rather thin, though."

The Adjutant explained that he was always thin, and declared he had had a fine time in the old land.

The WAR CRY man did not leave him till an appointment had been fixed for an interview, at which something like the following colloquy ensued:

"Your trip outward was unfortunate in some respects?"

"Yes; it was rough, cold, and foggy, although there was no storm. Fourteen hours' fog delayed us off the coast of Newfoundland."

"Your vessel was?"

The *Parisian*, 5,500 tons burden, and travels about fifteen knots an hour. We took eleven days four hours to do the voyage."

"And your voyage back?"

"Oh, beautiful. Water quite smooth. The *Laurentian*, 4,000 tons, although only a cattle boat, behaved splendidly. We did the trip from Liverpool through to Quebec in eight days two and a half hours.

"How many passengers had you aboard?"

"About forty steerage and twenty saloon."

"Any meetings?"

"Meetings every night. A Church of England clergyman aboard, who had been

Appointed Chaplain,

came to us at the commencement of the voyage, saying he wished to act in harmony with the Army and in the meetings that we arranged, and he testified and acted generally like a good Army soldier."

"Very good. Were there any indications of blessing?"

"Yes, many were convinced. One Methodist lady, who had been addicted to private dancing and card-playing, declared that from that time she would do those things no more."

"You landed in England on?"

"The fourth of July."

"And then?"

"Trained straight to Congress Hall, London. It was about 8·30 p.m. when we quietly stole into the old Congress Hall. Oh, what a sight! Fancy

4,000 Field Officers—

officers mind. The General was electric, and was just winding up his great day with the F. O's., and there was a tremendous re-covenanting and dedicating afresh to God and the war at that meeting."

"Good. Hallelujah! Go on."

"The next two days we were at Queen's Hall."

"A very fine hall, I hear?"

"Yes; it is built on a new design—a complete circle. You enter from the street on a level with the balcony and go down-stairs to the arena or ground floor. The platform is on a level with the balcony, and there is a gallery above. The balcony and gallery have apparently no supports, there being no pillars visible, but they are upheld by girders which rest on an inner wall, and are built in the outer wall."

"Then there are two walls?"

"Yes, and between the walls is a space of twelve feet, which is utilized for stairways. Besides this there are splendid retiring rooms, whose walls buttress the outer wall, and a fine suite in the basement below. It is said to be the finest hall in Europe."

"The meetings?"

"Indescribable.

The hall crowded. The General in wonderful vigor. The whole scene unique. I took a look from the top gallery, and the platform was one moving panorama of color and life. Ensign Dowell was hoeing it down in true Newfoundland style, and so were Colonel Bailey and Majors Spooner and Baugh. Then there were the American party with Stars and Stripes galore, and a vast variety of nationalities, whose colors all blended with the rest and made one harmonious whole. Commissioner Coombs was leading the prayer meeting, and the

General was Out Fishing."

"Glory hallelujah!"

"Then, too, everything was arranged systematically. Fishers were appointed to their posts before the meetings commenced, and when the time came they got up and went about their work without the least confusion, and so almost every soul was dealt with personally."

"That was excellent. Where next did you go?"

"We spent the Sunday at Luton, and Major Baugh led. It was a grand day. On Monday we met the General at the Staff tea, at Clapton. A good session was held after tea, and for the three days following three sessions a day were held from ten in the morning to nine or ten at night."

"Thanks; good-bye," and the CRY man was off.

"Move-On" at the Congress.

The next individual the WAR CRY man swooped down upon was Staff-Captain Jewer. The Staff-Captain has the same jolly face and well-filled frame, only more so. All the C. P. party seem to have done well, but judging from Staff-Capt. Jewer's rosy cheeks and the old-fashioned gleam in his eyes when he cracks on about Old Land doings, he has excelled them all.

"Well, Staff-Captain, and what's the verdict? How have you been treated?"

"Treated? Words cannot express the kindness we have met with throughout. It was more than kindness, we were made front-rank people right off. Even Commissioners, and other officers of high rank, found time to come and ask, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' I cannot find words good enough to describe our treatment at the hands of our English comrades."

"That's good, Staff-Captain, I told you English hospitality was hearty. But what did you think when you got a glimpse of that 4000-strong officers' meeting, with the General leading?"

"As I looked at that great gathering, tier on tier full of officers, and then at the dear General, so full of vitality and force, the whole thing was so impressive and overpowering that I couldn't refrain from bursting into tears. There was the General wading in for all he was worth, he was laying it down, pounding and stamping it in." (Here Mrs. Jewer, who was wound right up into enthusiastic sympathy, chimed in, "Isn't it grand that the General's strength holds out so? I don't think we praise God enough for him. His loss would be almost irreparable.")

"Yes," rejoined the WAR CRY man, "I think it is generally recognized that we need the General. I hope he will live another fifty years, with all my heart."

"I felt," continued the Staff-Captain, "as I saw them all, and realized I belonged to them, as if my heart would break. It was just overpoweringly grand."

"So you were very favorably impressed with the appearance of the British field?"

"Immensely so. Of course, I had heard here that there was an over-amount of bowing and scraping to be done in England, but I found that false."

"You found a proper respect observed, something quite different to toadyism or servility?"

"Yes."

"And the discipline?"

"Oh, that was excellent; everybody was well up to line.

"Another thing I noticed was that the people seemed to do anything they were asked; for instance, that dashing American party had a song,

"Roll over me,"

and Commander Ballington Booth asked for several hand-motions to be performed with the song. I looked for but failed to see one person out of all the 4,000 present who did not carry out the movements as asked."

"Did you see the Australian party?"

"Yes."

"Find them slow-coaches?"

"My word, no! Commissioner Coombs is very smart, and looks as well, if not better than ever. He is one of the greatest favorites of the Congress, being greatly applauded in his solo singing."

"Good! And what did you think of the Australian Editor?"

"Oh, he is a very bright, smart fellow."

"Did you enjoy the Staff Council?"

"Very much. We were specially favored with front seats and otherwise made much of. Everyone seems interested in Canada there. Colonel Pollard very kindly came to us and said, 'You have been dished out of the Palace Demonstration, now you must get as much out of the coming meeting as possible.' He, like everyone else, did whatever he could for our comfort."

"Did you speak in the Council?"

"Yes. I had the honor of representing Canada, and, of course, I put in a good word for the Commandant."

"Did you? What did the Council say?"

"Say? They just went wild. My word they *do* think a lot of the Commandant there, the whole place was upside down in a wink; they climbed up to the top of the chairs and threw kisses at us wholesale, and cried: 'Take Commandant that for me.' It was beautiful."

Good again! Hurrah!

"Did our people do any singing—by themselves I mean?"

"Yes. Staff Captain Howell led on with

"Oh, Lamb of God, I come."

to the Commandant's new tune, and it 'took' immensely, the people caught it up fine."

"Did you hear any remarks about the WAR CRY?"

"Yes. Colonel Nicol and others spoke very highly of the Canadian *Cry*."

"You did a week-end at Hereford, I believe?"

"Yes. I called there on my way from London to Liverpool, and had a fine time. We went in on holiness lines and had a mighty stir amongst the soldiers. One lady, the head of a large military establishment who some years ago had a call to the work but refused, to-day was so convinced of the need of doing the whole will of God that she decided to give up her prospects and sell her splendid business so as to be free to become an Army officer. I heard that the Tuesday following there were twenty-five at the penitent form."

Hereford is a pretty old-fashioned English town.

Time being up, the WAR CRY man hurried away.

The Printing Manager & Co.

Dropping in at the Home of Rest, the CRY man found an interesting nut-brown couple, known to their comrades as Ensign and Mrs. Phillips; they were just full up and running over with news, and it took quite a time to unload. When the Ensign grew bewildered with the dimensions of the task, Mrs. Phillips, with charming vivacity came to his aid, and proved a real helpmeet in the Ensign's duties CRY-wards.

"Two days at home after being away six years," said the Ensign, "the rest of the time we where on the whirl; and, look here (pulling out two cents from his pants pocket, and displaying them on the palm of his hand), here's what I've come back with. You see," added the Ensign, with a

Half Martyr-Like Glance

through his gold-rimmed glasses, "wherever we went there were *two* to pay for, the others had only one."

The CRY man sympathized with him somewhat, but knew no way to help him out of the difficulty.

"And so you enjoyed your trip?"

"Enjoyed (here we all got so excited, and jabbered away, questioning and answering at such a rate, that no mortal interviewer could keep track of all that was said)? Enjoyed?" went on the Ensign. "There's *nothing* like the Army. Why, look at the Trade Headquarters. It is gigantic; there are 320 employes. You go up flat after flat, and each flat has its busy workers; all sorts of work is done, we make our own musical instruments. Why, they are experimenting now with a machine that prints in four colors at once.

The Whole Thing is Huge."

"Then the Queen's Hall?"

Oh, glorious. 156 souls on Friday night, just imagine," said Mrs. Phillips.

"The General," went on the Ensign, "looks as well or better than ever I saw him—and younger, too—he is full of vitality, and as for souls, he *will* have them every time.

"300 we must have had in those two days." said Mrs. Phillips.

"Hallelujah! Beautiful!"

"The officers looked first-class. Everyone was in

Regulation Uniform;

everyone looked bonnie and strong; everyone had good clothes, there was not a shabby, dirty or slouchy officer anywhere, they were a magnificent crowd, and no mistake.

"We were seeking on one occasion the Hanbury Street Shelter for Women, when a very old, distressed-looking woman, seeing us evidently searching for something, said, 'Want to find the Shelter?

I'll Show Yez.'

and proceed to do so quick. I thought," said the Ensign, "that the old lady knew her friends."

"You went to Luton?"

"Yes, and had an A 1 time, with many souls, and large collections were taken up in *such* style. The Captain just explains, 'Now we will take an offering, and the box goes round the crowd and up the street, and if the doors are shut, the collector knocks and waits till the people bring their coppers. Everyone gives cheerfully.

"The Luton corps made a banner for the C.P., all straw, straw plaiting being the staple trade of Luton. The banner had a white ground, and the motto was worked in colored straw letters, the fringe was composed of little balls of straw. We couldn't help laughing at one man—a typical Cockney—he said, 'I'm the bloke that sent the first message to the General and told him to keep the pot a-boiling.'

"The Commandant and Mrs. Booth are thought a tremendous deal of there, and there is a very keen interest taken in Canada." ZYEE.

"OVER JORDAN"

With the Campers.

What kind of a time shall we have here? This the question asked and answered not very hopefully by one and all of the troop doing service for God and souls around the camps.

No corps here, not one solitary soldier within 6 or 7 miles, and the camp grounds away outside of village of perhaps 200 inhabitants, how in the world can we have a good time here?

Faith, my brother, laughs at impossibilities and cries it shall be done, and forth we go in anticipation of victory for God, which we claim on His behalf through His mercies. Listen, or read!

Friday night was a fair time, I may say a grand time, considering that so much was against us. Expectancy and faith in God and hard work, however, reigned supreme, and Sunday was looked forward to, for was not a beloved comrade in the shape of Ensign Frith to be with us.

Saturday was spent by the troops in WAR CRY selling, visiting, preparation, etc., and the night meeting with the crowds, and success financially, were the fruits thereof.

Knee-drill, Sunday, 7 a. m.; holiness meeting, 11 a. m., when the St. Catharines band boys arrived with Ensign Frith. The meetings were not soon to be forgotten, but hold on, Mr. Editor, I must tell you, and through you the WAR CRY readers, of something which surprised us all—the quiet, inoffensive, "Faith-and-Fury" Ensign did a jig, and we all at any rate attempted to follow the example.

Oh, what a sight Sunday afternoon presented! Gigs, rigs, carts, wagons and what not, lined the roads, and the camp ground was filled with people from miles around, the tent crowded, the sides were hitched up, and meetings held here, there and everywhere. In this service an ex-Methodist and ex-Church of England student took part, in S.A. attire.

The night meeting a "bumper," better seen than described. Ground literally covered with people.

The day right through gave encouragement, great financial assistance, and many souls will be the result, we believe.

Our beloved and respected leader, Brigadier de Barritt, arrived on Monday, and the readers of the CRY may just imagine the time we had the two days he remained with us, let me say, anyway, it was a happy, successful finale to a wonderful beginning.

"ELAR."

Edmonton, Alta.—DELIGHTFUL!—The work here is progressing favorably. Quite a number of prisoners have been captured, believers sanctified, converts standing, will make good soldiers. Lieutenant and I are both keeping well saved.—Captain M. Green.

Edmonton.—VICTORY AGAIN! Still battling for God and the right. The enemy seems strong, which makes the fight hard; but, thank God, He is leading us on to victory. Good meetings. Sunday all day, with two out in holiness meeting and one precious soul at night. Sin and wickedness abound beyond description, but, thank God, there is power in Jesus, the Lamb of God, to save to the very uttermost.—W. White.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE CAMP.

North-West and B. C. Travels and Triumphs.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

CHAPTER III.

The Riel Rebellion—That Hallelujah Wedding—Oppressive Heat—Original Bills—Round the World — Open-Air Enrolment — The Mayor Struck — Who Stole the Horse? — A Baby Dedicated — A Swedish Sale — Prairie Fires — A Whole-Souled C. of E. Missionary — Death of an Indian Girl—Faith for $500 Uniform-Wearing Salvationists.

Father ——, the Catholic priest who sat near us on the train from Prince Albert to Regina, had not been to Winnipeg for thirty long years. All this time he has been telling among the Indian tribes around the Saskatchewan district, having been through the Riel rebellion. When he left the Prairie city it was just a village, now he was returning to a big city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. The father was very friendly, and by his appearance he has had a long, tough fight. It was a motley crowd that rode on that early morning train, but it was a happy one, and the time soon passed by.

Our French Allbert officers and soldiers had waved their farewells at the depot and parting words of counsel and advice had been given.

On reaching Regina, Brother Dobbin walked us off to his home to see his wife who is very deaf and thus sorely afflicted. We made arrangements to conduct a meeting on our return trip, and in the small hours of Friday morning, July 20th, we reached Moose Jaw. Captain Collett and Lieutenant Davidson were on hand to meet us, escorting us to their cozy little quarters, which is surrounded by much space. Being a bit fatigued through constant travelling we were only too glad to take a few hours' sleep.

Brother Smyth and Sister Hall were very much awake and a bit excited on Friday, July 20th, when we arrived at Moose Jaw. Before that day closed they were to be made man and wife. Oppressive was the heat. A regular little dust simoon prevailed during the day, but it got cooler at night. The minister, Rev. Stacey, was seen about the performance of the legal part of this important business, and, of course, gladly promised to be on hand. The crowd to witness such a ceremony was not as large as it might have been. However, the principal parties did well, speaking up like soldiers. A most beautiful time of fellowship was spent at the "meet" of the newly-wedded pair after the ceremony. Singing and testimony followed each other. In spite of the oppressive heat our souls were well watered, and Brother and Sister Smyth received some practical advice about putting God's kingdom *first*.

On Saturday we got up some original bills. Here is the wording of one

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Peace Proclaimed!

REAL RELIGION!

BLOOD AND FIRE!

War in Other Lands!

Desperate Battles.

TRIBES FOREIGN WAR CRYS.

Death is Coming.

This bill was surmounted by a procession of figures resembling Salvation Army soldiers, also the sketch of a coffin, skull and cross-bones.

Here is the wording of yet another:

THE SIGHT OF A LIFE-TIME!

Thirty Foreign "War Crys"

Will be on Show To-night, and

MAJOR READ

Will (in Imagination)

Take His Hearers

ROUND THE WORLD

without

GETTING SEA-SICK.

By these strange methods we attracted successfully. We want more wisdom and tact on this line.

"I sold thirty-five," said Captain Collett. "And I sold twenty-nine," chimed in Lieutenant Davidson, in answer to our query as to how they got on selling CRYS. The heat was something oppressive accompanied by burning wind and flying dust, and yet these brave girls plodded up and down the streets selling their papers of peace. Bold, daring lassies these. God reward them.

Sixty-four CRYS sold in Moose Jaw's streets in one afternoon is no small thing and a good sign for such a place.

It was our desire to get out of the rut, and consequently we announced an open-air enrolment for Saturday night. This meeting caused no small stir. A big crowd gathered. A man pushed a hand-barrow into the ring, which formed a good stand. The articles of war were read carefully and distinctly, then the four candidates took a brave stand under the flag, were properly enrolled, and one sister in giving her reason for taking such a stand said, "In the past I have been fighting at home; now I am coming out to fight, and you folks had better watch it. I'll be after you."

Mrs. Read in speaking happened to say that there was salvation for all in the town, from the Mayor downwards. Mr. Mayor happened to be a listener, and naturally all eyes were turned to him. He bravely stood the ordeal, and when all the comrades shouted "God bless the Mayor!" his heart must have felt very glad. Then in the WAR CRY meeting a dear fellow (unsaved) came to the front and sang a Swedish song from the Stockholm *Cry*. How the crowd cheered him, and readers should have seen the alacrity of this man's actions as his hands dived into his pants' pocket seeking cash with which to buy the *Cry* of his country. He looked very sad when we said, "Not for sale."

Brother Empey could not be at this meeting for one of the Indians had stolen and run away with his horse. He was searching for it. Brother Cooper, the best man, had also to leave us and go to Swift Current for the Sunday. Brother Snoddie was also away.

The names of the comrades enrolled in the open-air are, Sisters Snoddie and Richards, and Brothers Willis and Brown. God bless them! Three brand new guernseys were brought and donned while we were at Moosejaw.

NOTES.—Sunday was a high day for Moosejaw.—Three comrades cried for deliverance at the holiness meeting.—Little Mary Ann Snoddie was dedicated to the Lord in the night meeting.—Three candidates were interviewed, and one gave us his application.—Seventy cents collection on the C. P. R. platform Sunday afternoon, and this from a very small crowd.—Captain Collett and Lieutenant Davidson are happy and contented, even in a hard go, and they are not afraid to do a little sewing for their dear soldiers. I believe that the dress that the bride, Mrs. Smyth, wore was made by the Captain, and talk about a dressmaker!

Monday, July 23rd, at 4:30 a.m., the C. P. R. train left Moosejaw depot with the P. S. and his wife aboard, bound for Calgary—a ride of over twenty hours' duration. Monotonous it was. Prairie, prairie everywhere, and that all dried up. Rev. Swainson came on the train at Medicine Hat. He is a whole-souled little man, and has charge of a mission among the Blood Indians near Fort McLeod. Thrilling tales of his warfare had he to relate, of hardship, toil, and suffering in his pioneer work.

"Yes, one little Indian girl died not long ago, saying, 'I am going to Jesus,'" said this C. of E. worker. Then he told us of his belief in faith and prayer, saying that on one occasion he had been promised $500 from England to meet a certain payment. The day before the bill was to be met came round and no money. The next morning he went to the post office and there was a cheque of $500. God speed the work carried on by Rev. Swainson and his wife.

Captain Cowan, Lieut. Kemp, and some of their soldiers met us at the depot at midnight, and some of the first news we got around the breakfast table that morning was that many of the Calgary soldiers *always* wear their uniform, when at work as well as when in the barracks, and one soldier lives out in the country, *eighty-five miles from the town.*

(More next week.)

Vancouver.—JESUS SAVES AGAIN.—The past week has been one of victory, as there have been three rescued from sin, brought from sin, brought from darkness into light by the power of a living God. Our Lieutenant Corlett is still at the wheel, doing her level best for the King, so is Drummer Sunshine in his plug hat.—E. H., Special Correspondent.

Victoria, B. C.—THE IRREPRESSIBLE STARS AND STRIPES.—God is working amongst us here in Victoria, especially on yesterday at our holiness meeting. One came out for salvation, and one comrade for more power, as he felt he had not been so obedient and consequently had not the power for service he once had. While the testimonies were going ahead in the afternoon the door opens, and in marches an American sister and her two little girls in full uniform, S's and badges, and after being welcomed by the Adjutant and comrades, took her seat and was at home at once. She afterwards soloed, and testified to God's saving and keeping power Praise God for the oneness of the Army all round the world.

"With blood and fire
All under one flag we are;
Amen for the red and blue flag
That bears like fiery star."

Sergeant-Major REILLY.

Liagar Street Garrison.—MORE FAITH AND FURY.—God came very near at knee-drill, and at the prayer meeting at Brother Austin's. In the afternoon some of the brethers got the glory in their feet and began to dance, "Happy Bob" declaring he is glad "old clubby" is turned out and that he has a clean heart and a clean mouth The open-air and night meeting were times of power and blessing. The Spirit of God strove with many. With our Garrison motto, "Faith and Fury," we mean to have victory.—Cadet MOORE.

West Toronto Junction.—MORE FIGHTING!—Cadet Martin and I supplied for this corps on Sunday while Captain Wilson visited the out-post. At knee-drill we got a good lift heavenward. Holiness meeting a real heart-searching time, several re-consecrating themselves to the service of God. Afternoon, held a couple of open-air meetings; but other attractions drew the crowds away, so we went back to the barracks, and finished up the free-and-easy with a hot prayer meeting At night we dealt faithfully with the people.—Cadet LOWRIE.

CANADIAN NAVAL WARFARE!

OUR FLEET INCREASING.

Scheme No. 34 of the Jubilee Program.

Dedicated by the Commandant to the Glory of God and the Service of Mankind, the S.S. "William Booth," Our Swift and Graceful Yacht.

SALVATION BY STEAM ON THE LOVELY LAKES OF ONTARIO.

The principles of the Salvation Army are eternal and unalterable, but the methods by which those principles are are brought to bear upon the masses are as varied as the originality of the Army's sanctified judgment can suggest.

Wherever the necessity has arisen, Army has not hesitated to adopt naval tactics in the prosecution of its glorious enterprise for emancipating the souls of men from sin's thraldom, so that to-day there are some seven vessels on Norwegian, Newfoundland, and Australian waters, not the least important of which is the s.s. "William Booth," dedicated to the work of saving and blessing the people in the cities lying along the coast-lines of our great lakes, some eighty of which are already occupied by the Army.

The s.s. "William Booth" was constructed at Hamilton by a gentleman who built it to a special design for the use of himself and family, and if built to our own plans, it could not have been arranged more conveniently for our needs.

The boat is seventy-two feet long, and has a twelve-foot beam. The gross tonnage is fifty-four tons, and it is fitted with a twenty horse-power engine, which forces the propellor to revolve sufficiently fast to procure a speed of ten, or even more, knots per hour if desired. Her timbers are of the very best quality, and experts say she is a bargain, while Mr. Macdonald, her late owner, is so sure of her sea-worthiness, that he declared himself quite willing to cross the Atlantic on her if it were possible to store enough coal.

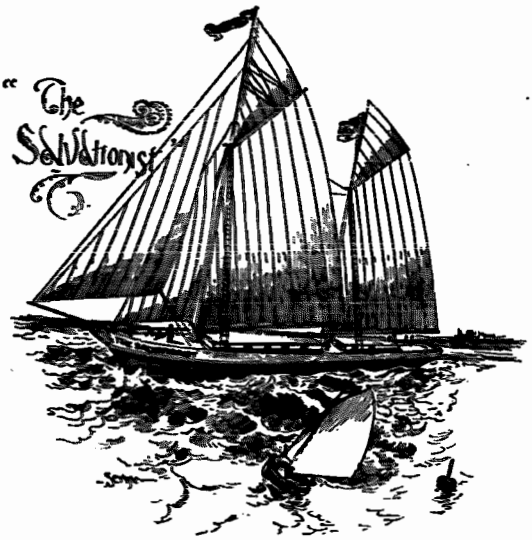
The Commandant was induced to buy her on account of the cheap means of transit she affords us. It was his desire to mission the lakeside populations, but the cost of travelling was a serious hindrance in the way. To hire a vessel, the Commandant found would be almost as expensive as purchasing one, and when Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald offered this at the very low figure of $2,000, the opportunity was at once taken. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald have also given a donation of $500 towards the new enterprise.

$10 daily will be needed to clear expenses, and it is hoped that this will be easily raised on the campaign. God speed Scheme No. 34!

The light of the summer day was sinking into the pearly grey of the soft twilight; when the people began to gather around the wharf where our little ship floated quietly, one would almost fancy, conscious that in a few moments the sacredness of consecration would be upon her.

There, slowly pulsing and rising with the ebb and flow of the blue water, she waited, clad in pure white humility, with the gaze of all upon her.

The warm sunset that touched the distant shore of the bay with a pencil of burning glory shone full across the ropes and rigging, and played on the drapery of her flag as it floated from the stem. The Union Jack above, whilst the figured maple



leaves of fair Canada on the life folds dipped into the little waves as they lapped up and down. It seemed only meet and right that the emblem of her nationality should be thus baptized anew.

The curious crowd thickened and closed in nearer to the edge of the wharf, with a running fire of kindly criticism.

A ringing volley greeted

The Commandant

as with a quick, sharp step, prompt to time, he mounted the upper deck, supported on either side by the four new Majors and the rest of the Staff, whilst a row of blythe and jolly Jack tars ranged themselves to face the audience ashore. No one could deny that they looked both fresh and fetching in their nautical costume of white sailor-blouses and navy-blue, tidy finished with the maple-leaf badge of the Salvation Army.

The Commandant flung out the key note for the chorus, the crew lustily caught it up and carried it aloft,

"To the front the cry is ringing,
To the front, your place is there."

With all our heart we echo the Commandant's whole-souled desire that everyone of us—candidates included—may be ever ready to leap to our place at the front of the battle, whether it be on land or sea.

Brigadier Holland prayed that our latest addition to the Navy might be a true and blessed herbinger of peace, carrying tidings of salvation wherever she may touch among the towns and villages of our lake shores.

It seemed early in the journey to be singing,

"All the storms will soon be over,"

before she had yet even faced one as a salvation messenger, but the old-time sacred melody sounded very pretty, all the same, across the water, while the thousand old associations will be enhanced by the memory of the sky, and the lake with its transcendent hue and broad, dimpling surface.

Brigadier Scott referred in thankful accents to the way God had blessed and prospered us at

Many a Dedication

of hall, and home, and barracks in the days gone past, and how often since He had vouchsafed His presence to us at similar times. He, too, prayed that our yacht might speed only to do the will of the Highest, and to hasten the day when the Kingdom should come and God's will be done the wide world over.

Unbed tears blurred the landscape as we went back in memory to the day when those sacred words were first spoken that called the next song into being,

"Though the waves rise high and my frail bark toss."

Is Canada within earshot of saints in heaven? Can it be our Army Mother does see and know how her spiritual children are faring to-day on life's rough sea?

"THE WATERS ARE RISING BUT I AM RISING, TOO." Yes, it is a solemn thing to *die*, but it is a far more solemn thing to LIVE.

"A life on the ocean wave" seemed to to be the one identical calling suitable for the buoyant Commandant to follow as he trod the deck once more with a few words of introduction before unfurling the colors.

The general drift of his

Brief Address

was to the following effect: He commenced by voicing our mutual regret that we could not have a little longer time for this absorbing service—a ceremony which must perforce appeal to each and all, if those who were present were in any way interested in the progress of the Salvation Army.

The Commandant proceeded to explain that we were able to dedicate the boat from this stand through the courtesy of the people to whom the wharf belonged, and it was necessary to hasten through to make way for the steamers which presently would be heaving along. Moreover, he was anxious that as many as possible might have a cruise around the bay, and as we were not quite certain of our sea-legs it was desirable that we should take advantage of the fast waning daylight. Our leader humorously hinted at the undesirable possibility of reaching the bottom on our first cruise.

He suggested that since, to a large extent, it was upon his shoulders rested the responsibility of the scheme, therefore a few words of explanation might be expected as to what was going to be the outcome of the idea—what we were going to do with her now we had gone to the expense of the

Purchase and Possession of the Yacht.

The Commandant touched on the variety of the different positions it had been his privilege to hold in the ranks of the Army since he began first to fight beneath the flag. But wherever he had travelled, or fought, this was the first time he had figured as the Admiral of a fleet. Not only now, kindly observe, is he the Commissioner of the Salvation Army troops in Canada, but he also holds the position of the Admiral of our Fleet. The word 'fleet' was used advisedly," he said, as he continued to enter into a few particulars as to the rest of our navy, especially "The Salvationist," on the coast of Newfoundland, and Labrador, at the dedication of which the Premier had expressed himself proud and happy to preside. Thank God, for this our third yacht and first steamer, the pioneer of many more, we believe.

The Commandant then called on all present who wished her God-speed to fire a proper volley.

Hearty shouts rent the evening air and turned the heads of the people in the distance on the platform of Union station.

No doubt some would ask "Why go to such expense? Salvationists, as a rule, want to come to an intelligent understanding of all they undertake to do? The Commandant enlarged on the convenience of

Our Magnificent Water-Way

through the Dominion—our matchless chain of lakes and rivers. Probably we have more fresh water on this continent than all the rest of the world put together. God has highly favored us. On the shores of our bays and streams and lakes thousands of men have settled and built their homes. Along this splendid water-course we have a right of way by which we may carry the message of salvation in every direction. The merchantmen of the country have decided this to be the cheapest and most economical way by which to convey their goods and merchandise, from the farm to Montreal, for instance. And so we shall prove it the least expensive and best manner to carry the news of the blessed salvation of Jesus Christ.

Immediately before leaving his office the Commandant had been reckoning on the map, to satisfy his own curiosity, as to how many corps we have established on our lake shores. He discovered that we have opened no less than eighty-four on the edge of the water.

The particulars as to the height, length, breadth, width, burden, and sleeping capacity were given as elsewhere.

"How many will she carry at the outside?" asked the Commandant.

"A hundred and thirty at a pinch, Sir," prompted Brigadier Holland.

The Commandant commented amid much laughter and assent that, personally, he would prefer not to be the hundred and thirtieth "at a pinch." He also tendered an apology for the color of the smoke-stack, which might be described in seaman's parlance as "yaller," but which in fact was rather a mahogany and olive. The Commandant promised that by the time

Our Beloved General

arrives to honor her by stopping about everything shall be taut and trim and ship-shape to welcome him.

The desirability of being able to carry parties along the lakes first suggested the idea of chartering a vessel, but the price was found to be far beyond our means, and it was discovered the cost of chartering for a season would be nearly as much as to

purchase a new one. After a while we lit upon the "Blandina," the owners of which, after lowering the price to the least possible figure, $2,000, being lovers of the Army, contributed $500 towards her purchase. By the highest authorities we have been informed we have done well in expending this amount.

She will be sent out to bombard the enemy in every direction, both expectedly and unexpectedly. She will run when no-one will know she is coming—sometimes with drums beating, colors flying, ready to take the town by storm, and shake it to its foundation. We shall go prepared for a reception of either kisses or kicks, although we should prefer the former. We shall carry a torpedo with us in our hearts, and we believe we shall gather in the net multitudes of souls. (Volleys!) Sometimes our passengers will consist of batch of Social Reform workers, who will appeal for the submerged; sometimes a band of singers; sometimes a lot of our little waifs from the Children's Shelter, to touch the hearts of the hearers on behalf of others. There is no end to the

Variety of Uses

to which our Yacht will be put, and especially we shall have the high privilege of conveying THE GENERAL. (Cheers.) We shall be well prepared to meet him. God bless him! (Amen.) God bless our Navy and keep us all afloat.

The Commandant repeated impressively that he felt it a great honor to be, himself, a humble follower in the Salvation Army of the Lord Jesus, Who gave His heart's blood for us all. He then pledged himself on behalf of the Ship's Captain (then on the way home from England) Staff-Captain Jewe, and on behalf of the crew, to be true to the colors that float from the mainmast. Also to change the name from the "Blandina" to the "William Booth," in honor of him whom we all delight to follow in the service of the King of kings.

Here the Commandant grasped the rope, "As an indication thereof, I now do myself the great pleasure of unfurling the flag at the mast-head."

The Yellow-Red-and-Blue fluttered free, the flag

With the Firey Star,

with her infinite symbolism, unscathed through many a devilish onslaught, waved proudly aloft.

Handkerchiefs fluttered, caps flew high, ear-splitting shouts and cheers, the tumultuous discord of all the musical instruments were submerged in the large-throated salute of the funnel of the steamer herself.

Then the *William Booth* started off for a cruise, with as many friends as could be safely stowed on board. Away she sped into the shadows of the evening, leaving a long trail of quivering silver behind in her wake.

The enclosed clipping is from the *Journal*, St. Catharines.

About 6:30 p.m. on Thursday, there arrived at lock 2 here, a handsome little steamer flying the colors of the Salvation Army, and in charge of a number of members of that body dressed in man-o'-war costume.

The boat is named the *William Booth*, and will be used to convey auxiliary members to various points on the lakes, where regular posts of the Army are not located. Besides the officers and crew, there was on board Commandant Booth, a son of the founder of the Salvationists. They were met at the wharf by a large turnout of the members here, and many citizens, and were received with cheers and prayer, as well as music by their band, which was supplemented by several good players on the little steamer. After cordial shaking of hands, Mr. Booth and the officer in charge of the city corps, entered a carriage, and in the meantime the jolly boat of the vessel was hoisted on a lorry. Four sailors, holding oars, took seats in the boat, and the procession marched up Ontario and King Streets to the Court House, where a brief halt was made, and Commandant Booth was introduced to the crowd by the Captain, who asked all present to fire a volley of welcome to him, which was done by a hearty cheer. Mr. Booth heartily thanked all present for their welcome. He speaks with a strong, clear English accent, which there is no misunderstanding, and in the space of a few minutes, gave a concise history of the Army and its work, and closed with an appeal to look well to their souls' keeping and their walk through life, and in fact, during that short time, preached a better practical sermon than many a clergyman could do in a week.

The procession then proceeded to their barracks, Geneva Street, which was crowded with people, and the remainder of the evening spent in listening to addresses from Mr. Booth, and also relations from those who accompanied him on the yacht, of their former lives, conversion and experiences as Salvationists, the intervals being filled up with good singing and music.

Whatever may be the opinion of some people regarding the merits of the Army, certain it is that they are [illegible] practical in their work. We wish them and their new venture in preaching the truth along the shores of our lakes and rivers, a hearty God-speed.

WELLAND, August 2nd, 1894.

Commandant Booth, of the Salvation Army, Canada:

MY DEAR COMMANDANT,—I have been requested to read to you a message of welcome to Welland, from the Army and citizens, and extend to yourself and brigade a hearty welcome to our town.

Your name and that of your father, the General, are not strange names to the Christian and reading public, for associated with them are deeds of righteousness and benevolence, and hundreds, nay, hundreds of thousands have been brought to a recognition of their duty and God's claim upon their services.

Your schemes and social institutions for helping the unemployed temporarily as well as spiritually, have commended themselves to every thinking person of a philanthropic mind.

With kindest regards to yourself, and trusting you may continue to prosper, and that God's blessing may rest upon all your labors and undertakings.

In behalf of Army and citizens,

I am sincerely yours,
GEO. H. BURGAR, Mayor.
D. ROSS.
J. K. SCHOOLEY.
C. H. HEMLEY.

A BRAND-NEW VESSEL ADDED TO OUR NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Salvation for Newfoundlanders at Sea.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE "SALVATIONIST!"

Hoisting the Yellow, Red and Blue.

Yes, by the time you receive this, we shall be on the Atlantic Ocean, having been detained quite a while in getting ready for such an undertaking.

The *Salvationist* measures 36 63 tonnage, but would no doubt carry forty tons of freight.

You will see the cut, examine her; she looks even more a picture than this, and we expect she will reach above ten knots an hour in some winds. She rides as stiff as a yacht, and the boys seem delighted with her.

The Government surveyor has been over her, and suggested a little alteration, which I am getting done, then they are willing to hand me an order for the sum of $144, as an encouragement for the Commandant to build all the Salvation Navy on the Island.

The little *Glad Tidings* is looking nice and trim, and almost feels young again. Captain Gosling, I think, feels a little proud of her for a mission schooner for our home work.

You can imagine while you are reading this, a little white-winged messenger, with three blood-and-fire officers, under the admiralship of Ensign Gooby, scudding in and out of the harbors away north, where the icefields form during quite a number of months in the year, and the *Salvationist* hundred of miles further north, preaching to fishermen, Indians, and sometimes Esquimaux, leading them all to our Christ.

Oh, what a mission, yes, our work, the General's work for the great Salvation Army. What next?

We intended to have one of our leading men to dedicate the *Salvationist*, but we were not certain of the day and hour she would be ready. All our plans are, that the moment the surveyors say "ready," we make preparations to proceed almost with the next tide.

Our time is short, the General will be here before we can go once round our mission field, the coast of Labrador. Fire a volley!

The following crew sail in the *Salvationist*: Captain Parsons, master; Lieutenant Cooper, mate; Lieutenant Moulton, second mate; Cadet Green, deck hand, and Cadet Downey, cook.

The following is the crew of the *Glad Tidings*: Captain Gosling, Cadet Hiscock, and Cadet Barry.

They were dedicated in No. I. barracks, St. Johns, and a most impressive service was held.

On the Saturday and Sunday following, they assisted me at No. I. and II., St. Johns. The four open-air meetings were attended by hundreds of people, and were some of the most impressive ever held in St. Johns. No. I. was filled on Sunday night, although the weather was intensely hot. We finished with two at the form, although they did not pull through real well; it was certainly not our fault, for we spent quite two hours in dealing with them.

The attendance was good throughout the day, and much conviction and good was the result.
MAJOR MORRIS.

Some time ago the readers of the *Herald* may remember in its columns the description of a new mission boat, which was in course of building, for the use of the Salvation Army on

THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

Those interested will be glad to hear that this boat has been finished, and was publicly dedicated to the service of God and the Salvation Army on Tuesday night. The ceremony took place on Hon. M. Monroe's wharf, which was kindly loaned for the occasion. It was conducted by Major Morris, who has lately taken charge of

THE S. A. IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A large crowd of soldiers, friends and spectators gathered on the adjacent wharves and shipping. It was estimated that nearly two thousand people witnessed the ceremony.

Mrs. Major Morris, who, after reading an appropriate passage of scripture, showing the importance of dedicating all we have to God's service, proceeded with the ceremony of

UNFURLING THE FLAGS.

First the pennant with the name *Salvationist* upon it, then the Army colors. This was accomplished amidst hearty cheers from the soldiers and others.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow"

was sung, after which Major Morris, in a few words, explained the meaning of the different colors in the Army flag, and closed the proceedings with prayer. After the benediction was pronounced

A PROCESSION WAS FORMED,

numbering about one hundred and fifty-two, preceded by the colors and drums, marched to the barracks on Springdale Street, where another enthusiastic meeting was held. An appeal was made for help towards removing the debt remaining on the schooner. One dollar subscriptions were called for, and in a very few moments sixty-three dollars were donated, chiefly by soldiers of the Army. Anyone reading this, who feels interested in this

MISSION TO THE FISHERMEN

of Labrador, and would like to have a share in helping them through the Salvation Army, if they would send a donation to Major Morris, whose address is 160 LeMarchant Road, it would be a practical way of showing their sympathy with this new venture. Between eleven and twelve hundred dollars have already been raised by the united efforts of officers and soldiers all over the Island, who, we understand, have worked hard to collect and give this amount.

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."

The above is culled from the *Herald*, and gives a very good description of the *Salvationist*, and the dedication ceremony, conducted by Major and Mrs. Morris, only we desire to give a few notes on the inside meeting.

It shows how interested the soldiery were to see the brand-new *Salvationist* dedicated to the Lord and the salvation of the fishermen in the Straits of Labrador, while Sergeant Babcock, who is responsible for the accurate returns of the exact number of people present at our weekly meetings, returns no less than 152 in procession, with an estimate of

Over Two Thousand Persons

who witnessed the ceremony, which was gone through in proper Salvation Army style, and must have left a deep, lasting impression on the big crowd of interested people present.

The Major opened the inside meeting by singing that good old and appropriate song.

"He's the Lily of the Valley to my soul."

Brigade-Captain Gooby and Mrs. Brigade-Captain Tilley led in prayer, earnestly soliciting God's blessing upon the meeting. God was unmistakably present, and a blessed influence permeated everything said and done. The Major then in his own inimitable manner started the testimony meeting, and his apt illustrations, music and song gained the attention and ear of the crowd, and if there were any inclined to sleep, they would most certainly have to get out to do so. Lieutenant Cooper led off with a few lively choruses, the man whom the Major said was going to take care of him while at sea. Some people have the happy knack of knowing how to humor their audience, keeping everybody wide awake to the needs of

Some Special Enterprise,

so the Major rose up very fittingly step by step, and dollar by dollar, until some $63 were raised, or better put, were promised an addition to the eleven or twelve hundred already raised. May God bless the givers, and may they remember that beautiful sentence which says, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Why should we not be as cheerful in giving to help others, as getting to help ourselves?

Quite a crowd of officers were present—too numerous to mention separately. But among those who spoke was Mrs Major Morris, who is a sound reasoner and logical speaker.

Captain Parsons, who was going in charge of the *Salvationist*, told of his determination to be true and do his best to man the schooner, and win the souls of the Labrador fishermen, and bless the host of soldiery that work during the summer months.

Captain Knight, the mother of Harbor Grace Training Garrison, gave her experience, saying how pleased she was to be present; having the Lord as her portion, she was confident of victory.

The Major concluded a blessed meeting by appealing very feelingly and heart-touchingly to the unsaved to surrender, it being too late to hold a lengthy prayer meeting.

The Major is anticipating and believing very strongly that the surveyor found everything about the *Salvationist* in good condition and of sufficient duration to bring the bonus granted by the Government here to every schooner and vessel which is creditably and substantially built, so that she will most likely brave a fair storm and keep sea-proof.

Thank God, Jesus can take human wrecks, and reconstruct and make them into vessels every way fitted out to honor and glorify the Father.
W. J. P.

HO!
Harvest Festival!
HO!

SOLDIERS!!!

When at Waterloo, the great Bonaparte first saw the kilted Highlanders charge the French legions, he is said to have ridiculed them, and enquired if the English were sending a lot of women to fight him, to which one of his staff, who had too often seen the tartan and claymore rend the French lines in many a former gory field, replied. "Emperor, they may look like women, but they are our worst foes." Comrades engaged in the Salvation war, there was quality in those soldiers. Everyone could and did FIGHT! We have our Waterloos, too.

The Harvest Festivals is one of our great fights.

We fight for God and humanity, especially the poorer and weaker portion. Every cent in the Army funds means so much more salvation blessing and cheer to those amongst whom, and for whom we as an Army exist. We want the same quality as the Highlanders had. Every soldier should fight. No one can be spared from the conflict. The battle is planned, the goal is fixed. Now, every man, woman and child at their post in full determination to conquer so far as they are personally concerned, and so shall we gain a greater triumph than ever before, to the glory of our King, and for the blessing of the poor.

Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe; come, get ye down for the press is full, the vats overflow for their wickedness is great.—Joel iii, 13.

Twillingate.—"She threw off her cloak and kid gloves!"—Our Jubilee meetings are over and we can report blessed victories. On Sunday God was with us in power. We had a real crowd of blood-and-fire soldiers who came in here on their way to Labrador. We were right down glad to have them with us to celebrate our General's Jubilee. In the afternoon 106 turned out for the march. When we came back our barracks were packed and crowds outside could not gain admittance. We commenced our testimony meeting by praising God for the Army and for the victories of the past. After a few testimonies were given, one dear girl came up the aisle weeping on account of her sins, and knelt at the penitent-form; another followed; threw off her cloak and kid gloves, and tears commenced to flow. We had to turn into a prayer-meeting. God set them free, and they could rejoice in sins forgiven. We then went on with our meeting. Night was the crowning time, nine crying for mercy. It was a time of rejoicing when the got free. We are having the victory the way along.—LIEUTENANT NOEL.

Say not ye, Yet four months and then cometh harvest; behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white unto harvest.—John iv, 15.

Victoria, B. C.—Glory to God. The past week the Salvation Army has been removing out of the old barracks, corner Broad and Fort Streets, to the old Methodist school room. Very soon we had, with the assistance of soldiers and friends, the old school converted into a proper Salvation Army hall. On Saturday night a good crowd gathered at the opening meeting. The Spirit of the living God was felt. We had beautiful meetings all day Sunday. At the close of the evening meeting we had one precious soul in the fountain, a colored brother. God bless him.—W. H. SHILLINGLAW, WAR CRY Sergeant-Major.

How They Die.

STARTLING DEATH-BED CONTRASTS.

"Let Me Die the Death of the Righteous."

Where are the dead?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perish'd forms in beds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

Where are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ, to flee from sin,
Daily grow up in Him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

A lady lay dying. She sent for me. I prayed and sang. Heaven came near.

"I haven't a doubt," gasped the sufferer, "but, oh, how I wish I had been more faithful!"

Soon the heart stopped and she was gone. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

—:—

"Come and see my father, he is very sick," said a young lady to me. I went, and found him suffering considerably in body but worse in mind.

"Oh," he cried, "the thought of eternity is tormenting me!"

I prayed; so did he. No light came. I explained the plan of salvation the best I could. No light still.

"Perhaps God wants you to make restitution for some wrong of the past?"

"Impossible," moaned the sufferer, "I cannot!"

Death shortly ended his career on earth, but he died without light. Beware, sinner! God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

—:—

He was a man of eighty years. I had often seen him visiting the hotel, but never at the house of God. Sickness came; he grew worse daily. Soon the death-rattle was in his throat. I watched the quivering muscles and the glazing eye-ball; I felt the rapid pulse. I prayed. No use; too far gone. See, he is unconscious; death comes; his light goes out. Sinner, beware!

—:—

She was worn to a skeleton; had been sick several months.

"Do you know your sins forgiven?" I asked.

"No," was the sad reply.

I explained the cure; the Healer was present to heal. The death-like jaws moved; I caught these words: "I believe, yes, I believe." The messenger soon came.

—:—

Sinner, your turn will come soon. Oh, prepare for that great day! Now is the day of salvation. CHARLES W. FORD.

Some time ago a sad story was told me of a young man's untimely end.

HE

was the same as a great majority of the men of this town. At a set day he came into town for a big time, as no doubt he thought.

Drinking, etc., was the order of the day. Late at night he wended his way homeward, the shortest way, viz., the railway track. Tired and sick he lay down and fell asleep. Alas! for him. A midnight a noise is heard thundering along. Oh! will it not awaken him?—Thud.—All is lost, hopes blighted, mother's entreaties at an end, sermons over, the harvest is past. He

DIED

as he lived, and before God his spirit has gone and been ushered into the lost world ere you, dear reader, read this. The engineer felt that something had been struck, and on arriving at the next station he got out and examined the front of the engine to find a watch chain dangling and some torn shreds of clothing. They backed up to about where they felt the accident occurred, and there strewn along for some distance was what was once life, health, vigor, the same

AS

you are now, reader.

I do not wish that any of his dear ones should ever read this, to stir up memories so sad, which time may now have mostly healed; but is it not a plea for temperance? Is it not a plea for salvation? Had

HE

been a follower of Jesus he would never have come to such a hopeless end.

From this I draw another picture, too. I see men and women drinking of the cup of pleasure, honor and riches. They are fascinated, absorbed, intoxicated. Some of them read of this young man's folly, and said, "Poor fool! He shouldn't have

LIVED

so reckless, he shouldn't have slept on the track. Why didn't he do this and that?"

I hurl "fool" back in your teeth. Why do you sleep in danger just as great? Why allow the world and the devil to absorb and fascinate you? Why allow them to rock you in that terrible sleep of indifference, which, though you are warned, shaken and almost dragged from your place of danger, you will not help yourself, but sleep on till, like a lightning express, death tears down upon you—thud—your soul—your soul—hell—!

Now, I ask you to sign your name here before you sleep to-night opposite the place where you intend to spend your eternity, and start now.

HEAVEN.....

HELL.....

F.M.K.

BROTHER MAY.

How often we hear sceptics sneer at the religion of Jesus Christ. We, who have been saved by the precious Blood, know something of the blessedness of being a child of God. But only when we stand by the death-bed of some saint who is soon to pass over the cold swellings of Jordan, do we fully realize what a wonderful loving and Almighty Saviour is Jesus.

While stationed at Blenheim, it was my privilege to stand by the deathbed of Father May, one of the oldest soldiers of the corps.

He was born in Devonshire, England, in 1825.

He came to Canada, was converted in the Methodist Church in 1854, and ever since has lived for the glory of God.

When the Army came to Blenheim, he felt he had found a sphere of greater usefulness for God, so became a soldier, and was a great blessing to saint and sinner.

News came that

He was Dying,

and we were asking for us. In a short time we were standing by his bedside. I asked him if he knew me, and he said:

"Yes, Captain, my eyes are getting dim, but I know your voice."

I asked him how it was with his soul, and, oh, I shall never forget his look of peace and trust as he looked in my face and said:

"It is all right; tell the comrades it is all right."

Praise God for such a testimony.

After that day he rarely knew anyone; but even when he did not recognize his own family he would stretch out his hand and say, "Come, Jesus; come, Jesus." Sometimes he would pray as though in a prayer meeting.

If some of the sceptics would but have stood there, they could no longer say that religion was a farce.

Careless sinner, do you want to know what your end would be if you gave God your heart? Watch a child of God die. Do you want to know what it will be if you die in your sins? Watch the sinner die, as though in a holiness meeting, Brother May would sing a line of a beautiful holiness chorus we often sing,

"Am I what I ought to be, oh, Saviour let me know?"

One thing about our comrade, he had, what would to God every officer, soldier, convert and recruit possessed, an honest heart. When he did not know anyone around him, he would sing that chorus.

Comrade, Christian, sinner, all who read this, ask yourself the question,

"Am I What I Ought to Be?"

Our comrade passed away as calm and peaceful as though going to sleep. The comrades with whom he has fought side by side, will feel the loss of our brother very much. One more vacant seat in the barracks, one more vacant place in the home. As we looked upon his face for the last time as he laid in his coffin with his uniform on, we could almost fancy we could hear him say, "It is all right." Our hearts said, "Lord, keep us true."

Ensign Miller and Captain Junkin and the Rev. Mr. McTavish conducted the funeral service. The remains were taken to the barracks, where we had a beautiful meeting. To see old men tottering down the aisle to get a last look at our comrade, would have melted a heart of stone. May God bless his wife and family, and grant at the great White Throne not one shall be missing, but that they may be an unbroken family. M. A. HARTIN.

No Good!

A Precious Blood-Bought Soul "No Good?"

To-night my heart has been very deeply touched, God seems to have shown me so clearly the awful condition of a lost and fallen soul.

A Sister came to the penitent-form. I asked a comrade if he was acquainted with her. He said, "Oh, yes; she is no good, she has often been out and always falls." How my heart went out to that soul. No good! One that Jesus died to save. No good! One that God intended should be pure, and happy, and useful. No good! One that once had a happy home and loving friends. No good! Some mother's darling that had wandered away. No good!

My sister; Oh, surely such can be saved! Surely the devil cannot trample under foot

A Precious Blood-Bought Soul?

Visions of what her circumstances might be seemed to come before me. No home to go to; no Christian friend to advise; no good influences to inspire; no pure companions; no beautiful surroundings, how could the poor soul be expected to be good?

Well, praise God, the Salvation Army is putting forth an effort to help. If nobody else has hope for that class of people, they have. I would like to shout it everywhere to those dying people.

Take courage, Jesus will help you. There is hope; look up; be of good cheer.

Look to God; He will break the chains that bind you.

The Salvation Army Loves You,

they are interested in you, they are planning and scheming to rescue and save; they have helped thousands, they will help you. Those who oppress you will be brought to judgment.

Cheer up! God can and will give you a new heart, and give you new desires, and you shall yet be pure and happy. God bless and help the lost.

Bird Island Cove, Nfld.—CANDIDATES COMING.—Sunday, all day, close quarters with the enemy; soldiers well to the front. Good crowds; good attention. The brother that I told you about a few weeks ago, who got saved in the woods, has turned up to praise the Lord in the Army and has become a full-fledged soldier. One chance out of ten he doesn't become a prey to the Training Home; he sees the need, and says that he'd go to see the only daughter that his mother got at home (who also is a soldier) off to the Garrison.—Lieutenant THOMPSON.

P.S.—Mr. Editor,—If you could slip round the square and open Rocky Lane barracks' door some Tuesday night and pop in unnoticed and see these dear soldiers, how earnestly they pray, it would make you do a jig and add credit to this little corps. They bring the power down.

Praise to the Giver of Seed-Time and Harvest.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine
And sweet refreshing dew.

These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Newcastle, N.B.—We can report victory. Our God can save, and none can hinder. During the past week five precious souls sought and found pardon at the foot of the Cross. We are believing for many more. We had some grand meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday. Captain Frizzell from Chatham and Lieutenant Pugh were with us. Open-air meetings good; inside meetings went with a swing. The Captain plays a number of instruments nicely, and we are the people that enjoy good music. So we all say "Come again, Captain."

Monday night Lieutenant Pugh spoke on Social Work, and the people listened attentively until a late hour, and we believe that many understood more clearly than before their duty to their fellow-men.—Secretary JENNIE ANDERSON.

Springhill Mines.—Praise God, things are on the move here. I received orders about a month ago to come to Springhill to assist Ensign and Mrs. Creighton, and, thank God, since then we have seen fourteen precious souls kneel at the Cross.

Yesterday (Sunday) we had Halifax No. 1 band with us, led by Ensign Hartney. Had good meetings and good crowds. There were some who felt their need of a Saviour.—Captain PRINCE.

Bonavista, Nfld.—"SHE IS A BEAUTY."—We are still pounding away, with the hammer and saw by day, and with the Sword of the Spirit by night. We are getting along beautifully with our new barracks. There is only the Captain and myself to work at it, but we are doing the best we can. The new schooner passed by to-day. She is a beauty. We have had ten souls since last report. Our crowds are small during the week nights, everyone is busy at the fisheries; but we are looking forward to greater things in the future.—Lieut. HAWKINS for Captain NEWMAN.

Port Hope.—Ensign Scarr and Captain Brady hotly discussing Harvest Festival in back kitchen.

Brigadier and Ensign McDonald in adjoining room. McDonald joins company, and soon Harvest Festival is off the go.

Questions asked, plans made, trips proposed, and everything out and dried for a unprecedented success. Not being a short-hander I could not catch and put down all that was said. But, gentle reader, if you live around Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterboro', etc., you can depend upon a call being made for a donation. Anything and everything will be taken.

"Give," said the little stream,
"Give, oh, give."

If Cobourg District is on the small side, let others look out. Ensign Scarr is not to be beaten, nor Captain Brady, etc., etc. We shall see.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise,
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but we too
God's benefit share,
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accords;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

ENSIGN McDONALD

On His Work Throughout the District.

HARVEST FESTIVAL—THE GENERAL'S VISIT, ETC.

"Good morning, Ensign McDonald."

"Good morning."

"I want to get a little in formation for the War Cry about the work in your district. You are in charge of the Peterboro' district?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many corps have you?"

"Four."

"Your centre is at Peterboro?"

"Yes; we have 134 soldiers in this corps."

"Have you a brass band?"

"Yes, sir; one of the best in the country."

"How do you regard the standing of the Army in Peterboro'?"

"Very good."

"Are you doing anything in particular this summer?"

"Yes; we have commenced the "Ward System."

"What is that, Ensign?"

"We have the city divided up into nine districts. Two Sergeants are appointed to each district."

"What is their chief duty?"

"To visit the people, conduct cottage prayer meetings, sell War Crys, and look after the converts."

"Now tell me what has been the results of this system?"

"An increase of War Crys, better visiting, and a help to our own people."

"I should think such a system would help your work?"

"So it does. Then we have a War Cry Brigade, who are doing good work. We have recently increased our order twenty-three more."

"That's a step in the right direction."

"Yes. Then we do extra work in the open-air these summer months."

"Do you think you do much good in the open-air?"

"Yes, we are bound to."

"How is the work in your district?"

"All the corps are doing well, with exceptions."

"Is there much sign of the work prospering?"

"Yes; Campbellford and Millbrook are going on nicely. Quite a few commissions have taken place of late. Norwood is a little hard, but apart from that we are marching on with good prospects before us."

"Is there anything you are specially arranging for in the future?"

"Yes; there's the Harvest Festival coming off. This ought to be good all round the district. We have a fine country round us, and the crops being good we should have an unprecedented success. The officers and soldiers will do their best."

"You have great confidence, Ensign McDonald."

"Yes; I'm hoping my district will come out on top."

"Then there is the General's visit."

"Is that General Booth?"

"Yes, sir, the very man."

"When do you expect him in Peterboro'?"

"About the 20th of October, and he will receive a proper welcome."

"Will he be long in Peterboro?"

"Two days, I expect. The surrounding corps will come in and friends; we shall secure the largest building in the place. You may be sure we shall be glad to see the General, yes, delighted. Some of us have never seen him, so we are expecting a treat and a blessing. We will give him one of the best receptions in the Dominion."

"You are not from England, are you?"

"No, sir; I'm a Canadian."

"How long have you been in the S. A.?"

"About nine years. I was saved in Stellerton, N.S. Previous to this I was a bad lad, and was drifting to endless woe."

"Do you enjoy your work?"

"Very much, and intend to go on and be a soul-winner all my life. I'm a Salvationist and love the fight. I'm feeling good and stout in my soul."

"I wish you every success, Ensign, in your noble work."

"Thank you."

Bird Island Cove.—Roared Salvation at Them.—Saturday night, soldiers all on fire; result, one soul in the fountain. Sunday, old-time religion. Devil routed in the open-air. People staring from all quarters to hear Sergeants Stead and Hobbs roaring salvation at them.—Lieutenant George Thompson.

P.S.—Since writing this four more have surrendered.

Morrisburg.—Brindley Out and Odier In.—After ten weeks' faithful labor here, Captain Brindley farewelled. He is succeeded by Captain Odier, whom we have just welcomed into our midst. Fair crowds attended her welcome meetings on Sunday; conviction was stamped on some faces. "Oh, Lord," "let there be a shaking among these dry bones, and breathe life into them, so that they may stand up upon their feet, and march the streets of Morrisburg, an exceeding great army."—Effie Whittaker.

Our Platform.

A RESCUE APPEAL.

BY ENSIGN A. COWAN.

In taking my stand upon this platform to-day, dear comrades and friends, I do so as a champion of the cause of the down-trodden, outcast women and girls of our land—a cause which God has laid especially upon my heart, and in the great work of rescuing these I have been privileged by Him to be engaged for the past six years.

In the Salvation Army we do not speak of these matters from a sentimental or outside standpoint, but in the words of Holy Scripture. "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." We are a practical people, and I crave to-day not merely to interest you, or merely that your tears of pity should flow for these poor lost ones, but that from this hour you may rise up also to be practical helpers in this Christ-like work, that your love shall be manifested by immediate and enthusiastic action.

I saw

Two Pictures

lately that have been a great object-lesson to me and may help you to see what God requires of you.

It was in the days of the persecution. A beautiful maiden had been condemned to die a martyr's death. She had been placed at

The Foot of a Great Cliff

by the sea. Her lovely white hands were raised above her head and fastened by a cruel iron ring driven into the rock. Held fast in that position she was left alone to her fate, to watch the tide rolling in, to feel its cold waters rushing and hissing around her feet, but although apparently left to the merciless waves, the seal of God's peace upon the snowy brow was not broken. As in the words of Scotland's maiden martyr, so was she in that solemn hour.

"The tide rose, and reaching to her feet,
'To Thee, my God, I lift my soul,' she sang;
The tide flowed, and rising to her waist
She sang, 'To Thee I lift my soul.'"

The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat she sang no more, but there was glory over all the sky, and there was glory over all the sea, a flood of glory, and the uplifted face swam in it a moment, then it bowed beneath the flood.

The other picture showed

A Brave, Young Roman Soldier

who had been watching her unobserved, and whose pity impelled him to go down to her assistance, risking his life to save her. He soon had the cold hands unfastened, and lifting up his unconscious burden he bore her up the steep cliff to a place of safety.

She did not cry for help, but he had looked until his soul was touched with pity and determination to save her, and he made the attempt to do so, and succeeded.

There are beautiful girls to-day who are sinking beneath the waves of sin, vice and despair, martyrs through their very love and trust in the deceiver, they stretch out their hands for help, the devil has lured them on with promises of pleasure, lured them to the edge of the cliff until at last they have gone over and fallen into those raging waves of despair. If that hard-hearted Roman was moved by his pity to act, does not the pitying love of Christ, shed abroad in your heart, prompt you now, as his soldier, to rush bravely to the assistance of

These Sinking Souls?

There are many Christian people who are holding up their hands with pride at the supposed morality of our country, who never go near enough to the haunts of sin to know they exist, and others, who do know who ask with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and others who are quarrelling about ways and means of reaching the lapsed masses; but praise God, He is helping us to do the work.

I remember a good clergyman who asked one of the Rescue officers, how it was that after we take them to our homes and they get converted, why we did not get them into the church. He got a good answer, when the officer replied, "Sir, do you think if they came to your church they would be welcomed, do you think that some of the fashionable members of your congregation would be willing to sit beside them in the pews, or don't you think some would draw their skirts aside for fear of touching them?" After a moment's consideration he replied, "You are right, I believe you people can look after them best." But, thank God, this is one isolated case, many of His children are deeply interested in this Rescue work in nearly every religious community. There are now in Canada eight Rescue Homes where these lost girls are being given a chance, they need help for soul and body; now could we talk to them merely about salvation without helping them temporarily? There are 61 inmates in these different Homes, and

27 Helpless Babes,

and we need homes for the children, where they would be trained up for God; will you not help our brave little band of officers, of whom there are now 25, who are making every effort to save the lost, who literally count no sacrifice too dear?" Help them with your prayers, your money, in clothing for the needy, or any other way God may show you; may He enable you to come to their help at once.

An Early Christian Martyr Saved from a Watery Grave by a Roman Soldier.

Temple.—"Musical Simoon."—"Be the *song* as well as the *salt* of the earth," was one of Commandant's remarks at the recent council, and thank God, since then hundreds of Salvationists have sung their way through tunnels of dark difficulties, and landed out in the light and sunshine to again praise God in music and song. The "Musical Simoon" had been well announced, and a good deal of interest shown before eight o'clock, when the people began to fill in the Jubilee Hall, and were soon taking part in the first song, the good old,

"I've found a Friend in Jesus."

This was the secret of the happy faces and the reason of the well filled platform.

On account of his accident we expected the Brigadier to be away, and Major Bennett to take his place; but, no, there with his crutch, in spite of the doctor, was the Brigadier.

After a song by an Agnes street brother, a red-hot Methodist (who, by-the by, was saved in the Army) Captain Griffiths and Sister Fisher sang a beautiful salvation song, then Sister Charlton, then Brother Darby sang of "Mother, somewhere praying." After a banjo solo by Captain Morris and a quintette of singers who sang about "the great C. P.," Mrs. Grifiths was espied at the far back of the hall and was called upon, vainly trying to speak while "Solo, solo, solo," was the order of the day, so sang a beautiful Welsh song, after Mrs. Staff Captain Jewer, with autoharp accompaniment, then the girls from the Garrison, and so on until time had quickly flown, though I mustn't forget the band, who gave very good selections of music during the evening.

Major Bennett drew in the net, and three came out; they were dealt very faithfully with, and will be well looked after, and sincerely, we trust, learn the "glad, new song," and sing it all through life's journey until they join the hallelujah chorus and take up before the Throne the "Song of Moses and the Lamb," and help to swell the song of the redeemed through eternity.—"A Singer."

Captain Fox writes: "I am sending you a copy of the *Gazette* and *Witness*. Owing to the slackness of work on the wharf this summer, we have a hard pull financially.

THE LIGHTHOUSE NEEDS OIL.

The Salvation Army has issued an appeal for aid in the work of carrying on the Salvation Lighthouse, which was formerly known as Joe Beef's canteen. In the words of the appeal, since the establishment of the "Lighthouse," and by its means, "Darkened and imprisoned souls have been shown the way of the Cross, drunkards liberated from the chains of sin, scores of men have been elevated in the social standing of society. Much more might be shown of the good this social reform branch of the Salvation Army has done since its inauguration about a year ago; but its work speaks for itself. In altering the building to suit this purpose, and furnishing the same, a considerable sum of money was spent. Several sympathisers responded to the call for help, but yet there remains a debt of $1,860, all of which is overdue. This debt is a source of trouble. If some kind friends would only help to pay off this encumberance, the work would be lighter for those in charge." Captain Fox would gladly acknowledge any donation sent for this purpose to the Salvation Lighthouse, 4 Common Street.

The *Witness* kindly inserts a similar appeal.

MRS. BOOTH

— WINS —

MORE GLORIOUS VICTORIES

— IN THE —

West Ontario Province.

GALT AND BERLIN VISITED.

Halls Glutted! Crowds Blessed! Finances Rolling in Liberally!

PROVINCIAL OFFICER MARGETTS REPORTS.

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

GALT.

One would scarcely credit it, when standing on that lovely hill, where regularly at three p.m, every Sunday afternoon the flag of "blood-and-fire" waves. The songs from salvation soldiers' voices, and the martial strains of the Army band makes the neighborhood resound with cheery music and praise, to look below and around upon

A Town With its Churches

and spires, its factories and business blocks, its imposing mills and elaborate private residences, its streets and grand river spanned, as it is, by three handsome bridges, its electric and steam railways, its many telephone and telegraphic wires stretching here and there, bearing their thousands of weekly messages, at lightning speed, from east to west and north to south; with its population of 8,000 living, immortal souls—that that was the very same spot where, one afternoon in July, 1816, stood Absolom Shade beholding "the gently sloping, oval-shaped valley at his feet, the waters of the Grand River passing, like a broad band of silver, straight through its centre, the graceful hills encircling around, and the luxuriant profusion of summer foliage rising from the centre, tier above tier, until the highest peaks of the sombre pines upon the bluffs were reached, looking like an

Immense Coliseum

in leaves." But so it is! Galt is an enterprising, live, growing town. It has been called "The Manchester of Canada." Foundries, where almost anything from a pin to an iron safe are manufactured; woollen and knitting factories, where all kinds of underclothing is turned out, are in full swing.

To this "go ahead" town came Mrs. Booth on Monday, August 6th, on the G. T. R. train, arriving at 4 p. m. She was met at the depot by the P. S. and Captain Rutledge, and a few of the Galt soldiery, who, by some means, had learned the time of her arrival. She was quickly taken to the beautiful and hospitable residence of the Hon. James Young, which proudly sits on the brow of that delightful hill on the north side of Concession street. Mrs. Young welcomed Mrs. Booth as her guest. Contingents of happy Salvationists had driven from Paris, fourteen miles, and from Guelph, fifteen miles, and everybody was

On the Qui Vive

for a "high" time with "the Army.

The Rev. John G. Scott and his officers of the Methodist church had kindly placed that comfortable and commodious structure at the Army's disposal for the occasion, while the young people who form "The Christian Endeavor" in connection with the same church, had done Mrs. Booth the honor of abandoning their own meeting in order to be present themselves and to make room for the followers of the flag of blood-and-fire.

The church was well filled. The janitor, Mr. Mullet, who, by-the-way, took

Deep, Kindly Interest

in the meeting, estimated the congregation at 1,100.

"Let us sing of His love once again," set the meeting going. Prayer followed, and Dr. Radford, the acting Mayor of the town, rose to read the following acceptable address of welcome to Mrs. Booth:—

To Mrs. Commandant Booth, of the Salvation Army:

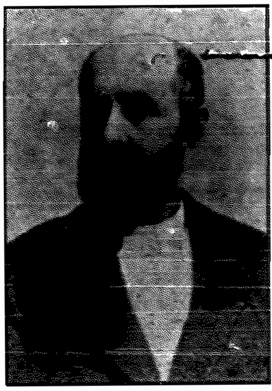
DEAR MADAM,—We extend to you a hearty welcome on this your first visit to Galt, and we doubt not our citizens generally, especially our religious bodies, will join in welcoming you to our enterprising town.

We are not unaware of the valuable services you have rendered to the cause of Christ in connection with the Salvation Army, and which have contributed not a little to the success which has attended the efforts of the Army in its fight to raise the fallen and save the lost.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity to specially mention your work in connection with the Children's Shelter, Rescue Homes for fallen girls, and the League of Mercy, and we trust your husband, Commandant Booth, and yourself may long be spared to devote your energies and gifts to the great religious work in which you are engaged.

Hoping your visit to Galt may be pleasant and profitable, alike to the Army and yourself, we are, sincerely yours,

J. H. RADFORD, M.D., Reeve and Acting Mayor.
JOHN G. SCOTT, Pastor Galt Methodist Church.
JAMES A. BARTON, Pastor Baptist Church, Galt.
ADAM G. KERR, D. D., Pastor United Presbyterian Church, Galt.
JOHN N. EAGLE, Pastor Free Methodist Church, Galt.
THE HON. JAMES YOUNG.
S. RUTLEDGE, Captain S. A., Galt.



REV. J. G. SCOTT, Galt.

The meeting went a little stiff at first, but Mrs. Booth's beautiful song and her smiles soon made a melting sensation, and ere she had barely touched upon her introduction as "a native of the Netherlands," the audience had spontaneously burst into a round of hand-clapping applause. Steadily and effectually Mrs. Booth unfolded the nature, methods, and successes of our Social work, quoting startling facts here, and convincing figures there, by way of ungainsaying ably clinching the truth as to our Social accomplishments in the minds of her audience.

The people were swayed. Prejudice went fly'ng up through the ventilator, or somewhere else, and when Mrs. Booth took her seat, one could but plainly discern that the audience, a while ago curious, if not criticial—anxious, if not stiff—had wonderful changed into an

Appreciative Delighted Concourse.

The fog had lifted, and the mists had rolled away. The path is now all the clearer for Galt corps to go and rescue other poor drunkards and lost ones, such as the two whom Mrs. Booth called upon to testify.

The first of these was an old gentleman with grey hair and beard, with shining red cheeks and nose, and with a voice somewhat husky — used to be a soldier in Her Majesty's Army. "For forty years," said he, "my wife—who sits there—never had a bit of peace;" drinking and all kinds of devilitry was his delight, to the neglect and discomfort of his own home, wife and children. "Now," said Father Webb, "my wife and the whole of my family are saved and in this meeting as well as myself, and they all know what I say is true."

No. 2 rejoiced that to-night he was only a few doors from the lock-up which he used so often to visit against his will; "but," says he, "I am in this house and in the Salvation Army to praise God for what He's done for me."

Several people were anxious to shake hands with Mrs. Booth, and as the vast crowd dispersed, many an expression was given vent to, such as fell on my own ears. "It was simply delightful; but I wished Mrs. Booth had sung more."

Mrs. Young kindly drove Mrs. Booth round next morning to view a few of the picturesque scenes of Galt, and to see her safely placed upon the platform of the G.T.R. depot in good time for the 11.05 train, which was to take Mrs. Booth and her staff to Berlin.

BERLIN.

Two valises, a writing case, a concertina, and a bouquet of sweet peas, which Mrs. Booth must take from the residence of the Hon. Jas. Young, formed the baggage. Mrs. Booth, Brigadier Margetts, and Adjutant Jones made up the passengers for the fourteen mile run to Berlin. Nay, nay; while we are busy discussing "the mighty past" our eyes "catch on" to another hallelujah bonnet, beneath the shade of which is the rather pale face of Lieutenant Lizzie Branigan, who is sick and on furlough, but who cannot resist the temptation to go and meet her two sister captains, "Beckie" and "Mary" and "take in" the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Booth at the same time.

Mrs. Booth's big heart sympathizes with the sick warrior-girl, and, try how she will, she cannot keep her eyes from getting moist.

Captain "Beckie" with Brother Thompson, the colored brother, a rig and pair of greys, are on hand at the depot, and in a few moments Mrs. Booth is safely landed in the comfortable abode of

Sheriff Springer,

whose kindness to Mrs. Booth was very great.

• • •

Berlin, though only fifty years old, has a population of 8,000 people. There is a distinction about it as a town which marks it as a separate and characteristic community. Its history is interesting. In 1805 a few Dutch people from Pennsylvania, Minnonites, well to do, economical, and industrious, arrived, settled, and did well. Others followed, principally farmers by trade, who experienced great difficulty in those days, when the population being very meagre and the nearest mill being Dundas, they used to travel to that post, all the way through the Beverley swamp in order to get their grain converted into flour. By dint of perseverance in difficulty, however, by sweat of muscle and brow, and their industrious energy they got fine farms in their own possession and prospered rapidly. The fame of their successes reached the Old Country, and the Germans flocked to the County of Waterloo. There is a great distinction between the Pennsylvania Dutchman and the real German, as much so, perhaps, as there is between "the bonnie boy from Scotland" and the native of

"The Emerald Isle."

There is quite as little affinity, too. This, however, is gradually melting down; the distinction in their dialect is fast disappearing, and it is said that in twenty-five years hence there will be little or no other language spoken in Berlin than the English.

It was about twenty years ago that Berlin began to grow by strides and bounds and to take its present proud position as a thriving business and commercial town. It boasts now of having more good residences in proportion to its population than any other town in America. It is noted for its factories for the manufacture of boots and shoes, pianos and organs, shirts and collars, boxes and buttons and furniture. It has also large foundries and machine shops.

No less than fourteen different denominations hold services in it weekly. All the English speaking churches have experienced more or less difficulty in making much headway, the majority of the people being either of the Lutheran or Catholic persuasion.

The Salvation Army had a tough time at its inauguration, but has got its foot fairly in now, and possesses

A Neat Little Barracks

which is very well situated. Some good staunch friends have stood by us from the very first, prominent among them being Mr. Clement.

"I would not come to the depot to meet you and help you if I did not love you," was the response we got to an enquiry as to why a certain gentleman took such a kindly interest in helping us with our baggage, etc. He, unfortunately, was not a Salvationist.

The street cars had been carrying free of charge an advertisement; the ministers had kindly announced it; the press had written it up, to say nothing of other direct means which had been called into requisition to advertise Mrs. Booth's meeting. Two gentlemen had driven ten miles in order to attend the meeting which they expected would take place in the afternoon.

The Methodist church, the pulpit of which is occupied by the Rev. John Scott, through whose kindness, with the co-operation of his kindly trustees, had been lent for the occasion, was very well filled when the soldiers, headed by the Galt band boys who had come over to take part, and entered the meeting. Later on, as the meeting got under way, it was crowded, and

Many Turned Away

with the cry. "No room."

Mrs. Booth was at her best, and despite a splitting headache, rose above her feelings, excelled herself, and did fine. All "caught on" immensely.

"I have been requested by a German to sing to you in German, and consequently I must do it," said Mrs. Booth.

You should just have seen how certain members of that now very appreciative audience bowed their heads, and with smiles of delight nodded assent to the time and the tune. They were tickled.

"It was beautiful, but I do wish she could have sung more," was the again universal expression, as the delighted crowd wended their way home, several lingering behind, anxious to "just shake her hand."

The owners of both lovely pianos used at Galt and Berlin were loaned free of charge except the cost of tuning. A thousand thanks to the owners.

At 6:20 next morning Mrs. Booth steams away to the Queen City, carrying with her the much increased love and confidence of those who already knew her, and the circle of Army friends immensely increased and invigorated.

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And the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower and as the hasty fruit before summer, which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up.—Isaiah xxviii, 4.

New.—Oxford Bibles and Salvation Army Song Book combined, printed on India paper, red gilt edges, yapped binding, Palestine and Levant leather lined, silk sewn, pearl 16 mo., size 5½ x 3¾ inches, one inch thick, only $3.50. The most compact and useful book for every officer and soldier. Bible and Song Book in one. Can be carried easily in your pocket. Only a limited quantity for sale. Order quick.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Getting Ready.

Arrangements for the General's visit go on apace. Everywhere, as might be expected, the heartiest interest is being taken in the visit. All persons, regardless of creed, nationality, politics, or position are anxious to make known their good wishes to our beloved leader. At Toronto we are busy printing posters, hand-bills, and tickets. At St. Johns, Major Morris is knee-deep in the business of preparation; while at St. John and Kingston, Brigadiers Jacobs and Scott are planning immense things. The Commandant spent a whole day with Brigadier Scott planning the campaign, and goes to Montreal to meet Brigadier Jacobs for the same purpose. Look out for particulars later.

Home Again!

Home once more, and looking brighter and healthier for the trip. That is the universal opinion of all who have rubbed up against the happy party who represented Canada at the International Congress. But far more important than this is the blessing they received and the inspiration they have brought back. Their accounts of everything are all that could be desired. They went in the right spirit, and saw everything calculated to help and increase their confidence. They love the General ten times more for having seen him, and speak enthusiastically of the kindness heaped upon them by all concerned. And better than all, they tell of souls getting saved and of the spirit of soul-saving abroad in the Old Land. We are still more encouraged to hope that the coming visit of the General will set us all doubly on fire.

The Trial Trip.

Escorted the *William*, or as she is to be in future called the *General Booth*, on her first three days' trip. Went through sundry experiences. Sailed gallantly from Toronto harbor. Flags flying. Men all on upper deck in gay costume. Brigadier Holland and Staff-Captain McMillan, who were on board, came in sight of open lake. Waves rolling in majestic fury. Spirits of aforesaid officers began to flag. Important duties required their attention at Headquarters. Indispensible they should put off at Queen's wharf! Under [illegible] agreed, and propeller reversed. Safely on shore, their spirits revived with remarkable alacrity. We leave them waving hats and shouting "Farewell!"

A Tight Little Craft.

Out into the lake, port helm, and sail into Parkdale Bay to catch a sight of Mrs. Booth. Exchanged salutations with the shore, then out to the open lake. "My word," says someone, "who would have imagined waves like these on a lake!" Our little steamboat takes them splendidly. Gracefully she dips and bows and rolls. She goes ahead, too. Her engines puff away in fine style, and her bow tears through the water. I observe the crew. Some of them have grown quiet. Others have departed altogether. The odor from the neat little kitchen becomes less inviting. It is a veritable sea we are on, but all goes well. Oakville is sighted and passed. One of the Hamilton boats saluted us courteously and enthusiastically. We glide through the piers into the Hamilton Bay. Smoother water at once. The gallant crew come forth from their hiding places. They stand on deck like men of valor. Jack is himself again, and Britannia rules the waves!

The Prophecy Fulfilled!

All I said about this undertaking is coming to pass. The following is a comment on the scheme taken from my Jubilee program:

"Our calculations have, of course, been computed on a strict commercial basis, just as if it would cost us the same as any firm plying her for trade. We are quite safe even on that reckoning. She won't, however, cost us anything of the kind. Our crew will, with the exception of the engineer, be composed of those who will serve us and her from love to God and souls, desiring only their bread and clothing. Her coal will be the most expensive item, and yet I don't know. We shall make a desperate effort to beg much of the coal she needs. She will in some respects resemble a horse which cost you little, because your neighbor feeds him. Her boilers will, in one case, stand for what the horse's stomach represents in the other, viz.: a medium for reducing the cost of travelling to a minimum. The chief difference is that you replenish the stomach with [illegible] oats, and the furnace with coal—but both kinds of dirt are often given! If we had a locomotive, doubtless we could beg the coal for that, but we should be lost for a track. In this case God has provided the track, our friends will give us the coal, and we shall get there as near as can be for the wear and tear of our machinery."

How far is it all coming to pass? Let the facts reply. As to officers and captain, we are securing their services for less than our estimate. One engineer has volunteered free of any cost at all for the first trip. Our pilot is a friend of the Army in Amherstburg, who has left his business and paid another man to look after it, in order to pilot our ship, and give us the benefit of his thirty years' experience on the lakes free of charge. As to coal, she has been out now exactly one week, and visited only *four* places, and *five and a-half tons of hard coal* has been freely contributed, together with half a cord of wood, sheeting, pillow slips, oil cloth, buckets, furniture of different kinds, and eatables in abundance.

Future Bombardment.

I see endless possibilities ahead of our little cruiser. If we can get brigades of men about like this, what can we not accomplish in the way of revival meetings, camp meetings, open-air demonstrations, etc.? I wish the *General Booth* to be be notorious for creating an outburst of Salvation fire everywhere she goes. She ought to put into a port and literally bombard the whole place. Now you corps yet to be visited, get ready. Get ready by prayer and faith and offerings. God speed the *General Booth!*

Brigadier *versus* Brigadier.

The Brigadiers now stands in battle array. The Provincial Targets have been fixed, and the goal for the Dominion is up. Now watch it. No six men in creation are better able to try each other's metal than my six Provincial Officers. They have done it before and know each other's weak points in consequence. Brigadier de Barritt has about 250 lbs. of steam pressure on already, and proposes to lick all creation, while Brigadier Jacobs, notwithstanding the double tax on his energies occasioned by the General's visit, does not propose to be left by anyone. Brigadier Scott is not a noisy man about his intentions, he is too wily, but he is on that account more dangerous, and the more likely to come out first. If only the others knew some of his plans, they would say so. Brigadier Margetts. He is working night and day, and had too big a taste of triumph last year in the North-West to think of anything but certain victory. Then Major Read with his wife are preparing to leave, even the record of last year behind, and show all the great men of the East that the West still rules the tide. As for Major Morris, well, he is the man the Commandant has a desire to see thrash all the others wholesale. Newfoundland last year came very near the top round of the ladder. This year, inspired by a sight of their General, they will go it for all they are worth.

Crack Teams.

But the Provincial Secretaries are not the only combatants. They are backed each by a splendid team of go-ahead young D. O.'s. Take a look them. Here is our Maritime team.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. JACOBS.
Staff-Captain Howell,

Ensign Andrews,	Ensign Gage,
Ensign Hunter,	Ensign Alward,
Ensign Watson,	Ensign Galt,
Ensign Creighton,	Ensign Matthews,
Ensign Dunkley,	Ensign Hughes,

Ensign Bradley.

Here is a splendid team, but how will they figure against East Ontario, where we have:

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT,
Staff-Captain Sharp,

Ensign Wiseman,	Ensign McLean,
Ensign Stacy,	Ensign McDonald,
Ensign McGillivray,	Ensign Coombs,
Adjutant Bloss,	Adjutant Taylor,
Ensign Patterson,	Ensign McNamara.

And I tell you each of the above will have their task cut out to beat the following:

BRIGADIER AND MRS. DE BARRITT,

Ensign Turner,	Ensign Blackburn,
Ensign Dowell,	Ensign McAmmond,
Ensign Allanhead,	Ensign Arkett,
Ensign Hay,	Ensign Ayre,
Ensign Myles,	Ensign Frith.

But if any are equal to the occasion, the following will do it:

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MARGETTS.
Staff-Captain Collier,

Major Calhoun,	Ensign Miller,
Ensign Lee,	Ensign Ogilvie,
Ensign Goodwin,	Ensign Fraser,
Ensign Clarke,	Ensign Maltby,
Ensign Coss,	Ensign Hendricks,
Ensign Moore,	Ensign Gale.

The next team is small, but hitherto they represent the Champion Province. Flushed with past success, who shall say what account they will give of their opponents?

MAJOR AND MRS. READ.
Adjutant Archibald,
Ensign Rawling, Ensign Lowry.

But let the lot look out. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, Newfoundland takes the cake. How about these:

MAJOR AND MRS. MORRIS.
Adjutant Smeeton,

Ensign Tilley,	Ensign Freeman,
Ensign Cooby,	Ensign Rennie.

And whose side is the Commandant on? My friend, he is occupying that striking position from which his own actions have so often been surveyed. He is on the *fence*. He is a little uncertain as to which is the best team, and proposes to *wait and see*.

A Social Team.

And why not a Social Harvest Festival? We have now throughout the Dominion no fewer than fifteen social institutions. Why should'nt they have a chance to get up a meeting on their own hook? It wouldn't be done at the same time as the corps, nor in the barracks. But what I suggest is that each social institution should, at a suitable date, endeavor to get up a public sale in some church or school-room kindly lent, and take the proceeds towards their support. In that case we should have another first-class team.

Divide, Divide.

Don't forget the division of labor and responsibility. The corps where numbers permit should be divided up as follows, each brigade having a stall and collecting for the same:—

The Officers' Stall,
The Local Officers' Stall,
The Bandsmen's Stall,
The Sisters' Stall,
The Brothers' Stall,
The Juniors' Stall,
The Friends' Stall.

Set each Stall against the other, and the effect will be MAGICAL.

Galt and Berlin Carried By Mrs. Booth.

Mrs. Booth continues to hold crowded and enthusiastic meetings. Her visit to London has made a profound impression, and her more recent gatherings at Galt and Berlin have been equally owned of God. No one knows so well as the Commandant that to see and hear and know Mrs. Booth is to love her. It is his sincere desire to introduce her everywhere as speedily as possible, but the many who press for her attention must bear with him; she cannot go to all places at once; all in good time. It must be borne in mind, too, that in addition to the best wife in the world there are the two best boys in all creation at our house, who persist in claiming some of their mother's attention. Montreal is the last to gain the services of Mrs. Booth. With the same care to detail and the same thoughtful enterprise put into the arrangements by Brigadier Margetts I doubt not the victory will be still more striking in the great city of the East. Brigadier Scott is the man to do it.

Things Happening.

Major Friedrich, after a long and unflinching service, goes for a six weeks' furlough to his native land. Home affairs demand his presence. He sails with our blessing by one of the Red Star liners, from New York, and will, all well, be back by the middle of September. Brigadier Holland is taking a little rest. Staff-Captain Jewer assumes his new duties as commander of the "General Booth," on the 12th, at Simcoe. Sergeant-Major Peacock, of Simcoe, has been accepted for the work and appointed Governor of the Social Farm. He takes the rank of Captain, and will be commissioned for his new duties by the Commandant at his corps. Captain Dodds, who has toiled with the utmost self-sacrifice and credit hitherto, finds his health will not stand the strain of the oversight of so large an undertaking as the Farm Colony has now become. Captain Horne and Captain Morris, both of Headquarters, have their long service rewarded by promotion to the rank of Ensign. The Halifax Shelter is now quite on its legs, and is more than fulfilling our expectations. Our new schooner the "Salvationist," has been launched, dedicated, and has taken her first cruise north. Major Morris reports splendidly on her behaviour. The Governor-General was present at her dedication. The 4,000 increase in the circulation of the CRY agreed upon at the last Congress is to be carried into effect sharp. The Soldiers' Clothing Club is taking shape; so also is the officers'. The soul-saving tide continues to rise, and evrybody is in good spirits.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, AUG. 18, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Aug. 9, 1894.

Re "BIG GOES."

At the time of writing Mrs. Booth has just returned from her second visit to Brigadier Margetts' Province thoroughly cheered with the glorious victories God has given her and our comrades there. We learn that the preparations beforehand for the demonstrations at Galt and Berlin were quite as good as were those of London recently, consequently Mrs. Booth had before her a straight course to victory. The calls upon the time and attention of both Mrs. Booth and the Commandant are very frequent and urgent, and it is absolutely essential that the very utmost profit for the war should be got out of their visits, but *this object is largely frustrated if the work necessary to bring together the people is not put into the preparation.* We are extremely pleased to be able to award praise in this direction to those who have so energetically undertaken the preliminary work in the London, Galt, and Berlin campaigns, and they with us will have the great satisfaction of feeling something definite has really been accomplished for God and the war.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The battle-cry of the whole territory just now is,

Harvest Festival!

It was a noble effort and a glorious victory that last year witnessed, but we have the same God to smile upon us today as then, and to the clarion cry, "*for God and a sin-stricken and oppressed humanity,*" we are confident our forces will rally in no half-hearted array. Comrades, we bear the cause of the weak, the helpless, the poor, the sin-sodden—the by-Christ's-blood-redeemed humanity around us, and for their sakes we must go at this Harvest Festival and win; win by sanctified effort, by persistent plodding, by the exercise of wise judgment, by the blessing of Jehovah. We are not merely watching the fight here, but engaging in it, we are with the field in the ranks. We shall share both the heat of the battle, and help swell the pean of victory. Success to our effort.

We clip the following from the Montreal *Witness:*

SALVATIONISTS MOBBED IN QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Aug. 6.—For some time past the the Salvation Army have been trying to hold meetings in St. Roch's Ward, the most French and Catholic portion of the city. To-night a a big crowd gathered on Bridge Street, in front of a store owned by a man named Samson, announced as the French preacher of the Salvation Army. A shower of stones was thrown through the windows and doors, which were completely smashed. Two Salvation girls are reported badly hurt. No arrests could be made on account of the tremendous crowd assembled in front of the store.

The above method of expressing disapproval of a good work, has certainly the advantage (?) of age, for it sounds like the echo of the "Crucify-Him" cry of the intolerant Jews nineteen centuries ago; but, to revive the method in our free country, is anything but constitutional. Such exhibitions of intolerance should have been left behind in the lands where they were born, they are alien here.

Therefore said He unto them, The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers in His harvest.—Luke x, 20.

St. John V. Training Garrison.—I feel more than ever satisfied in His service, bless His dear name. We also have had the joy of seeing precious souls coming into the field.—LAURA M. MILLER.

Ho ! Jubilee Candidates, Ho !

By an Officer who did not want to be an Officer, But who has now such Joy and Satisfaction in God and His Work, that He would Rather be a Salvation Army Officer than an Archangel.

I. *How shall I know that God calls me to be an officer.*

1. If God calls you into the work, you will feel in your soul that He wants you to be an officer. It will be a feeling that will stay with you until you fully yield to it, or fully reject it. To fully yield to it will bring you peace and satisfaction. To reject it will cause you sorrow and loss of peace and power. This feeling will be very strong when you draw nigh to God, and will increase in strength as you grow in grace.

2. If God really calls you He will open the way for you to enter the Training Home. There may be obstacles in the way, but He will help you to overcome and remove them. Your friends may oppose you. He can and will change their hearts, if you are full of love and holy firmness, and keep talking in faith about it to Him. You may be in debt, but He can help you pay every cent if you will set to work in earnest at the first job you find, and are economical, and not of doubtful mind, nor shiftless in disposition. You may be sick, but He can heal you. I know an officer now who had not been out of her room for months, and was supposed to be a life-long invalid. She felt God called her into the Army, and at the same time she felt God would heal her if she would go. She consented, was healed, and in a few months was in the Training Home, and is now an officer in an important field of labor. The officers at your corps or your D.O. may think you unsuitable, but if God is really calling you, He will so far improve your gifts by His grace, if you give yourself wholly to Him, and are humble, and obedient, and full of love, that they will soon see that God is calling and fitting you, and will in due time recommend your appointment as a Cadet. You must keep talking to God about these things, and confidently expect Him to help you.

3. If God really calls you to be an officer, you will feel like Paul, who said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!"

4. Very often, if not always, those whom God calls feel utterly unfit for the work, and do not want to go. It was so with Moses. He pleaded with God to let him off, and send someone else.

He declared he could not talk, either before nor after God called him. He said, "I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." But God said, "Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I, the Lord? Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Still, Moses did not want to go. But God was calling him, and would not let him off. God wanted him. (Ex. iv. 10 17.)

Likewise Jeremiah argued with God, and said, "O Lord God! I cannot speak, for I am a child." He felt weak, and young, and ignorant, and inexperienced. Maybe he wanted to go to college. But God would not let him off either. (See Jeremiah i.)

And so it has been with many of the most successful officers in the Army and ministers in churches. They felt unfit for the work, and shrunk from it; but, being obedient to God's call, they went, and with all their might they put every talent God had given them into the work, and so God prospered them, and helped them to win battles, and rescue souls, and bring joy and gladness to those who were sunk in sorrow and sin.

II. *If God calls me to the work, what shall I do to fit myself for it?*

1. If you are not sanctified at once, seek the blessing by day and by night till you know for sure that God sanctifies you wholly. When you are really sanctified you will know it; the Holy Spirit will witness to you of the fact. (Heb. x. 14, 15.) You will have perfect victory over inward sin, the old corrupt tendency of your heart will be gone, and you will feel clean and pure in your mind and heart, and you will be clean and pure, too You will have peace—perfect peace. You will have a deep well-spring of joy in your soul. You will have love for God and souls that will be unmixed. You will be humble and teachable and gentle toward all men. You will be firm to say "No" to the devil and all sin. You will find new light and love in reading the Bible, and a quiet, ready access to God in prayer. You may be sorely tempted by the devil, for he is not dead, and you will find many things to learn, but by waiting on God you will get the victory, and He will teach you. Be willing to take advice.

2. Get alone with God as much as you can for secret prayer, and talk with him about everything. Read your Bible on your knees, and ask God to teach you and help you to remember what you read, and to live it out in your life. Be a walking Bible. The doctor must be well acquainted with his medical books if he wishes to succeed, the lawyer with his books, and you with your Bible.

3. Be faithful in little things and in secret things. Remember that God makes to-day's work and faithfulness a stepping-stone to to-morrow's usefulness and victory. If you shirk duty and are unfaithful in your home or in your place of business, and among your friends and acquaintances, you will fail at night in the barracks. Your unfaithfulness will rise up when you stand before the sinners, and strip you of your power and condemn you. And just so unfaithfulness and cowardice in your corps will rise up and condemn you and strip you of your power in the Training Home. You must seek for and find an all-round victory in your own home and corps if you want to succeed as an officer.

4. Seek to get sinners in your own city and shop and home saved if you want to go out and succeed as an officer. The shepherd boy, David, first killed the bear and the lion before he went to fight Goliath, and it was the victory he got back in the fields with no one to see him but the dumb sheep and the unseen God and angels that made him bold to face the boastful big man of Gath before the armies of Israel and Philistia, and the remembrance of those victories put vigor and holy expectation into his faith, and a nerve of steel into his arm to slay the braggart giant in the name of the Lord God of Hosts.

5. Finally, give yourself up wholly and forever to this work; mean business for time and eternity. Remember Lot's wife, and don't forget that "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." Go in with all your might to serve God and win souls. Let this be the subject of your thoughts and prayers and conversation all the time. Don't bother about getting married, and about what will become of you when you are old, or if you should break down and become sick. Trust God, and talk to Him about it. He will find a suitable life-partner for you if it is best for you, and if it is not best you would better beware of marrying the first pretty face you see. The Bible says: "A prudent wife is from the Lord." So is a prudent husband, therefore leave that with God and do your duty. And as for getting old or breaking down, have no fear. Did God ever forsake the righteous? He never has, nor never will. You do your duty and trust God. David said: "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Glory to God!—*New York Cry.*

"DRUNKEN DUDE."

He spent his money for that which is not bread, and now awaits a *friendly* policeman's aid. What a pity he did not give his money towards the

HARVEST FESTIVAL?

Canada, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

Newfoundland, September 29th, 30th and October 1st.

Re "OBERST" DOWDLE.

(Translated from "Kriegs Ruf"—German "War Cry"—by "Picker.")

We could fill the columns of the *War Cry* for weeks with stories, incidents, etc., in the life and work of our dear comrades, Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle. Not being able to do this, we will have to curtail his life-story and also a few incidents of the Colonel's recent campaign in Australia.

Between the years of 1867 and 1880 I was Captain in different corps, then promoted Major and given the oversight of the Northern Division in England. After nine years I was promoted to be Colonel and appointed to visit different nations. About my fiddle, which is my constant companion, I must tell you something. I often played it in the open-air, and

Two Tavern-Keepers

in the vicinity of where we held a series of open-air meetings lost sixty pounds sterling of their income, through my singing with open-air meetings lost my fiddle.

When Commissioner Railton first heard my fiddle he immediately laid his hands on me and said, "You must play inside the hall, too." But I was at that time too "religious" to do such a thing.

Still I soon got the victory and began to play inside.

My fiddle is the oldest instrument in the Salvation Army.

In Plymouth a saloon-keeper offered 2,000 marks to any of his loungers who would smash it to pieces, but I took good care that no one got their hands on it.

One time there was a bet made as to whether I could play or not, and two expert violinists came to decide.

One of them became so convicted of his sins during the meeting that he gave up

His Fiddle Playing

and dancing, and the other got properly saved, and plays to this day in one of the corps.

My visits to foreign nations have been numerous. I accompanied the General on a tour through the United States and Canada, and then through the whole of Great Britain, then to Norway, Denmark, and Germany, and in every country I had a blessed time.

Colonel Dowdle's First Sunday in Australia.

The hall at Norwood was full, and the first words that fell from his lips were, "Thank God, here is a man who is saved through and through, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet," and at the same time he straightened himself up to his full height.

Before the Bible readings, which Mrs. Dowdle usually does, the Colonel prays God to bless its reading. The Bible reading was from Isaiah, and Mrs. Dowdle impressed the congregation to have an every day religion instead of a Sunday one. In the afternoon

The Historical Fiddle

was brought into use, which bears the following inscription, "J. J. Dowdle, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

* * *

The Colonel is a great penitent-form worker, and the latest report is that he and his wife have seen no less than 900 people at the penitent-form for salvation and holiness, and his Australian campaign was not ended at this report. To God be all the glory.

"Some Great Thing."—"If the prophet had bid thee to do some great thing, would'st thou not have done it?" (II. Kings, v. 13.)

Do you say, "I am too poor to help the Salvation Army; although as friend or soldier, in full sympathy with its work. Were I Mrs. This or Mr. That, I would gladly contribute largely."

Brother, sister, wait not to do great things, do anything and everything you can, and be always at it, plodding on, pegging away, ever looking unto Jesus for strength and grace.

Our wonderful God-sent organization—the Salvation Army—can utilize anything, from a thousand-dollar cheque, towards a new Rest Home, to an orange for one of the sick officers; from a hundred acres of land for another Social Farm, to a few

CLIPPINGS OF COTTON

prints or remnants of wool for the poor women and children in the Shelters.

You need never imagine that you are unable to do anything. Here, here in the Salvation Army, is abundant room for all to work. If you cannot accomplish all you wish, do what you can, and however poor, do something at once. Remember all those fifty Jubilee plans, contribute to each one if possible, should it be only twenty-five cents. To some of these plans you will doubtless be able to contribute more. Be sure you earn or save a dollar at least towards the Salvation Farm, and the fitting up of the new Home of Rest. None but God understands how sorely it is needed by sick and weary officers.

Work, work for the Master. Send a little thing to the Children's Shelter to-day, another little thing to the Rescue Home to-morrow; here, a basket of food to the Training Garrison; there, some needed article for the Captain's quarters, and be sure you send all the best of the fruit, also jellies or delicacies of any kind to our sick officers at the Home of Rest on George Street. Be constantly at it; give—be always giving—day in and day out, week in and week out. No matter if your gifts are of necessity small. Give to "God and the Army," the first and best of everything you have. If you cannot do some great thing, why, do a thousand and one little things. Our precious Lord Jesus will accept our tiny gifts, offered with all the love of our hearts to Him, and He can make the "many meikles" into a "muckle."

MARIA SIMPSON.

Nanaimo, B. C.—ALL THE WAY FROM "FRISCO."—Nanaimo corps is not what some folks would call booming, but it is "looking up," though we do not mean to imply that it is identical to the church "Picker" described in the WAR CRY a few weeks ago as doing the same thing from force of circumstances, i.e., "lying flat on its back." In spite of hot weather, hard times, and numerous other disadvantages the soul-saving work is going on, slow but sure.

There was an excursion from Victoria, when reinforcements arrived. A rousing march and a lively little open-air preceded a proper go-ahead, love-your-neighbor-as-yourself free-and-easy.

The Victoria comrades all had their little say; the Nanaimo soldiers were not behind in proclaiming what God had done for them. Two Swedish Salvationists from San Francisco testified as to how they were kept in the midst of the temptations of a sailing vessel; and altogether we had a good time, far more satisfactory than the pleasures that hundreds around us were seemingly enjoying, and which would bring to many of them on the morrow the inevitable big heads, and hearts, and empty pockets.

The Sunday meetings right from knee-drill were good. The brass band and soldiers met for a march at 9:15 and made their way up to the jail, where a nice little meeting was held with the prisoners, led by Captain Patten. Two of the prisoners who had been saved in meetings held previously testified to God's keeping power. At the close we marched back to the barracks—which, by the way, is a credit to the corps and the city—to the holiness meeting. God met with us there, and we believe His will was revealed to many hearts. A good crowd turned up at the afternoon free-and-easy, and everybody looked happy except a few whom God's Spirit was dealing with and showing them the place where they ought to be. The night meeting was a time of power and blessing. Conviction could be seen on many faces. One lassie volunteered out for salvation, and the One Who never yet said "No" spoke peace to her soul. We praise Him for this one, but we believe that before very long some who have held out so long will kneel at the feet of the sinner's Friend.—ANNIE REILLY.

Owen Sound. — THOSE PICTURESQUE GLEANERS.—It is now such a long time since I have written for the pages of the dear old CRY that I don't really know where to begin. We had an ice cream social here some time ago. After the social came singing, by the Harvest Gleaners, then followed the gleaners in full costume, one bearing stubble, one with faded flowers, another with sheaves. The people were just delighted with the meeting. I am rather late in reporting this, but will try and do better next. We expect a visit from Brigadier Margetts soon. We are to have a tea for the soldiers and friends, and expect to have a nice time together. After the Brigadier's visit we will lose our Ensign, she goes on a much needed rest to the old country. One prodigal came back to the fold. May God keep him ever true!—MRS. JOSHUA STEVENSON, S. C.

Richmond Street (Old No. I).—SIXTEEN CAPTURES, HURRAH!—Praise God, we are having good times here. We have sixteen out in two weeks. We had a good time on Sunday. God was with us all day, and the devil raging, but we had one brother out at night. He had been a soldier for seven years, but the last two years he has been out of the Army, but he could not rest; he had to come back. Praise God! We had a good wind-up at the last. The Captain put the flag over the brother's head and we sang "Under the good old Army flag" and danced. Praise God. We keep believing for more.—A SOLDIER, BROTHER ALFRED ALLEN.

Wallaceburg. — SOUL-SAVING STILL THE RAGE.—We are not dead nor sleeping here, but working for God. One soul on Sunday left the ranks of sin and came to God.

Week ending July 28th we find that there have been three souls for salvation and three for sanctification. To God we give the glory. —Captain DEAN.

Montreal. — FIFTEEN NEW SERGEANTS.—Glorious time at Montreal I. this past week. Four new soldiers enrolled. Fifteen new Sergeants made for the ward system. We are getting this on foot. All seem delighted with the work. The soul-saving work is going on. [illegible] souls sought Christ [illegible] Grand [illegible].—J. S. M., [illegible]

A travelling sheaf of corn bound for the HARVEST FESTIVAL.

A HARVEST PSALM.

Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.

My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.

Lord, what is man, that takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children.

Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

It is he that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store: that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets.

That our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

—*Psalm cxliv.*

St. John V. Training Garrison.—Through Christ we are having in our own souls that which means victory for others. We believe if we are right God will work in and through us. We are having good crowds to our meetings, and a few have sought salvation. Something surely must give way when God's people begin to pray.—Cadet Poole.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jeremiah viii, 20.

Fort William.—Sowing, Sheaving, Garnering. Harvest Home. Hurrah!—We are pressing onward and upward towards the prize, sowing the seed for our Master. We are believing that the fruits will return to us after many days. May our heavenly Father keep us ready to garner in the sheaves! We are having good meetings, real spiritual times, and mean to go on fighting sin and the devil to the end. Our officers are to settle for the land for our new barracks to-day. May God bless them for their persistent and energetic labor in the cause of our Saviour!—A. Walker.

Harvest Festival Annual Effort.

CANADA.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 29th, 30th and October 1st.

Bridgetown, N. S.—Fraternal—Ensign A——, Captains R. and P.—We have arrived home from Annapolis camp meeting, having enjoyed them real well. My old friend, Candidate "Sandy" Fleming, has come to stay with us for a while. Since returning two wanderers came home, also one comrade obeyed God and claimed sanctification. Several of the officers stayed off last week for meetings. The people were pleased to see their old friends again. Ensign A——, Captains R. and P., also several Annapolis comrades drove up for meeting Monday night. Grand times. We still believe for victory. Hallelujah. Yours in the fight.—Captain Knight.

Then saith he unto His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.—Matthew ix, 37.

Honor Roll.

Mrs. Archibald, Victoria	100
Capt. Massecar, Victoria	100
Lieut. Thomas, Nanaimo	81
Capt. Patton, Nanaimo	70
Capt. Andrews, Riverside	66
Lieut. Fred. Young, St. Kitts	57
Nellie McNanny, Kingston	55
Lieut. Fred. Young, St. Catharines	51
Mother Bowcock, Lippincott Street	50
Lieut. Johnson, Leamington	42
Sister Patterson, Nanaimo	41
Capt. McKenzie, Parry Sound	40
Father Dixon, Toronto	36
Treasurer Jackson, Strathroy	35
Sister McNanny, Kingston	34
Lieut. Cooler, Strathroy	33
Capt. McKenzie, Parry Sound	30
Ensign Arkett, St. Catharines	26
Lieut. Scarr, Cobourg	25
Secretary Avery, Gananoque	25
Sister Liddell, Gananoque	25
Sister Hatfield, Yarmouth	24
Sergt. Moller, St. John, N.B.	23
Ensign Arkett, St. Catharines	20
Sergt. Hersey, Kingston	20
Annie Blackstock, Peterboro'	20
Annie Nickerson, Yarmouth	19
Sergt. Hersey, Kingston	18
Minnie Woods, Peterboro'	17
Lizzie Rowern, Peterboro'	16
Mrs. Butcher, Peterboro'	13
Katie Allen, Kingston	13
Sergt. Mrs. Lindley (in two weeks)	82

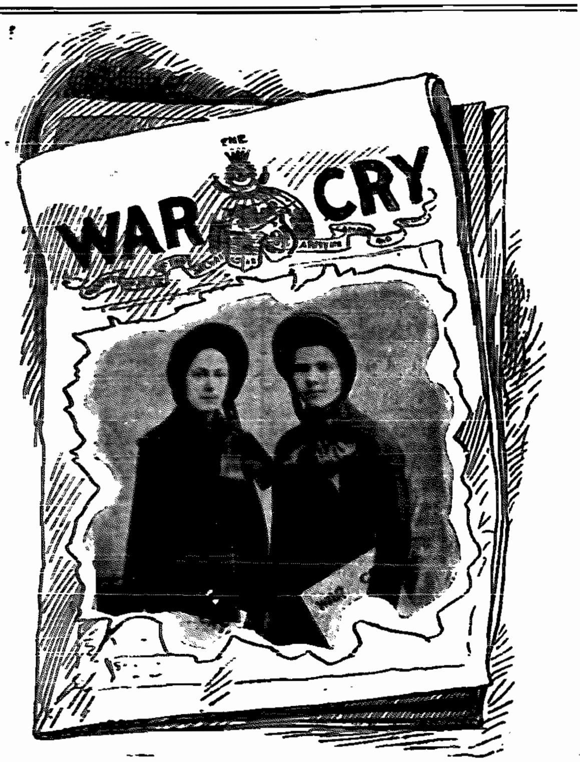
Toronto S.A. Farm.—Rustic Salvationists Triumph.—We, of course, were in for doing some real spiritual work. At 2:30 we met at the corner of the Danforth and Woodbine Avenues for a real Salvation Army blood-and-fire meeting. You say, "Did any one else come?" Well, I should say so. Jesus also came, and in that meeting precious souls came and sought and found the Pearl of Greatest Price, one a lady, whose husband came to Jesus in our meeting about a week ago. We then announced a meeting at the Social Farm. At 7:30, about twenty-five people gathered, and before the meeting was half through, a sister got down on her knees, and began to pray for God to have mercy on her. Of course we all prayed, and God set her free; also a poor boy without a home, without a friend in the world, saw a Friend in Jesus, and found Him to the joy of his soul. Oh, glory be to God! This is the song we sing:

"Jesus is a Rock in the Social Farm, Social Farm, Social Farm;
Jesus is a Rock on the Social Farm, a Shelter in time of storm."

—Captain Dodd.

Speak unto the Children of Israel and say unto them, When ye be come to the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest.—Leviticus xxiii, 10.

Halifax II.—Captain and Mrs. McLean Gone.—We are having great times. The weather being somewhat hot caused the comrades to slack a little bit, but Captain urging them on and God helping us we made a fresh effort, and, praise God, a sister of one of our comrades gave herself to God, and is on the platform, and bids fair to be a soldier. The sound of enrolment I spoke of in my last has become a reality, and nine recruits this afternoon promised God in the presence of a nice little crowd to be true to Him and the Salvation Army; so all round we are not yet "fainted by the way," but while we are cheered by these tokens of God's being with us, we feel sad that Captain and Mrs. McLean are to leave us. They have been of great help and blessing to the corps, and we shall miss them.—Secretary.



INGERSOLL.

Dear War Cry.—Just a few lines for your pages, which every week we love to read over, and sometimes over again. We take great delight on Saturday afternoon in distributing, number after number, in the hotels, saloons, factories etc., etc.

We receive wonderful blessings from Jesus. In our sales our hearts say God speed and bless the Cry.

We are one with all and one with God to help to sell the War Cry for Jesus' sake.—Good-bye, your's redeemed Ida and Eileen, War Cry Sergeants.

N.B.—The Editor reckons every War Cry Boomer to be a first-rate helper in the Harvest Festival.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

Victoria Rescue Home.—Mr. Goodacre, meat; Mrs. Pike, bread and fruit; Mrs. Salt, buttermilk; Brother McIntosh, vegetables; Mr. Jameson, rolled oats; Soap Company, soap; Scotch Bakery, bread; Liverpool Bakery, bread; Mrs. Selyea, clothing; Mrs. Johnson, clothing.

St. John, N. B., Rescue Home.—Mr. Holder, $4; Mrs. Webb, $1; Mr. Woodburn, $2; Mrs. Whely, $1; Mrs. McBurnie, $5; Miss Selya, 50c and food; Miss Smith, four boxes strawberries; Mr. Vanwart, meat; A well-wisher, meat.

Winnipeg Rescue Home.—Paulin & Co., brl. biscuits; Friend, oatmeal; Miss Martin, bread; Mr. Ferguson, meat; Mrs. Wilkes, 25c; Miss Graham, 25c; Mrs. Rawlings, 25c; Mr. Cumbaugh, 25c; Mrs. Grey, 25c; Mrs. Thomson, 50c; Mrs. Davis, candle; Mr. Guest, fish; Friend, vegetables; Mr. Dyke, sugar; Robinson & Co., 16 yards muslin; Mrs. Capt. Elliott, vegetables; Father Brigham, vegetables.

Montreal Rescue Home.—R. G. Reid, 50c; A. L., 25c; Hanson Bros., 25c; M., $1; E. R. B., 25c; J. L., 15c; J. R. M., 25c; R. N. S., 25c; J. H. Doherty, 25c; J. J. Keating, 25c; Friend, 10c; Mrs. McCoy, cakes and buns; Mrs. Scott, cakes; Mr. Joyce, cakes and buns; J. B. Wylie, bread; Mr. Armitage, milk; Green Grocer, green peas; St. Lawrence Market, friends, meat, fruit and vegetables; Mountain Street Market, friends, vegetables; St. Anne's Market, friends, meat and vegetables; Mr. Graham, meat; Mrs. Welch, corn; Mr. Lamb, meat; Mr. Luke, fruit; Mr. Virtue, meat.

Notice.—The Sick and Wounded Collection is taken up on the afternoon of the first Sunday of every month in the Central Ontario Province. Public Enrolment is to take place each month at the same date and time.

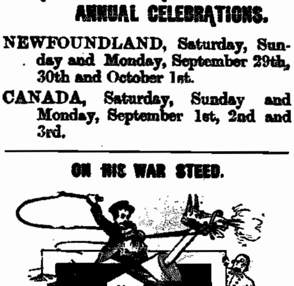
Icelanders, Attention!—Will any officers or soldiers who are of the Icelandic nationality drop a card with their address to Lieutenant Th. J. Davidson, 207 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

HARVEST FESTIVAL ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 29th, 30th and October 1st.

CANADA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

ON HIS WAR STEED.



What a blessing this Brigadier is not in Canada.

PROSPEROUS FARMERS—They gave to the HARVEST FESTIVAL last year, and will do even better this time.

BOY: "Hello! Ware yr goin'?"
CHORUS: "Why, to the HARVEST FESTIVAL, of course."

WAR AT WINNIPEG.

High Jinks in the West.

Hundreds of people were in the city to attend the Exhibition. Ensign Lowry was bent on bringing her religion to their attention, and a gigantic program of meetings was arranged and carried out. Such wonderful sight the citizens saw! Any one would almost think Coxey's army had struck town when they beheld our Trades Union Demonstration on parade. Then the Hindoo march was an eye-opener; yes, a mouth-opener too, and many of the citizens said to their visiting friends, "Yes, we have a good Salvation Army here."

The program started off on Tuesday with an enrollment of recruits by the Ensign. Full house, two souls, introduction of the Professor from Portage and the celebrities from the same place at Brandon.

Wednesday's Musical Simoon.

Band-master Cantlon had a program with twenty selections on it, and everyone of them went off with effect. Brass and string bands made music by the yard, wholesale and retail. Johnny gave us a treat on the cornet, Tommy, blowed out a solo on the euphonium, and piped us selection on the piccolo. Professor Turnwall beat the record on the mandolin and guitar, assisted by the Portage celebrities—Sergeants Crockford and Gooding. Warblings and whirlwinds, cyclones and symoons, by the yard, tongue, hands and feet were all in it. Oh! this was none of your ordinary Salvation Army musical meetings. There was real, genuine talent that would do credit to the Boston Conservatory of Music. One soul in the fountain.—F. E. S.

Trades Union Demonstration—Thursday Night.

Led by Ensign Rawling, was the best meeting of that description held in Winnipeg, and which is an evidence of the improvement and advance in our ranks.

The march was unique and very attractive, almost every tradesman and woman carried something to represent their trade.

Brass band to the front, the people looked on with as much interest and wonder as they did the beautiful Exhibition Car in the N. P. Depot, containing exhibits from four States. The Ensign had two or three trades working at the same time. On the platform carpenters, masons, bricklayers, blacksm'ths, jewelers, printers, typewriters, telegraph operators, tinkers, chimney sweeps, butchers, painters, bakers, dressmakers, dishwashers, etc., etc., all had opportunity to exhibit their trade. Sister Stewart undertook the churn. Before the meeting closed she had succeeded in getting butter. Ensign Lowry with an eye to business, as usual, announced that the buttermilk would be sold for 5c per glass at the close of the meeting.

An instrumental duett here by the Portage wonders held the audience spell bound. Captain Shea looked quite at home receiving and despatching telegrams by the way he operated the key.

The Training Garrison lesson was listened to with great interest.

"Me join 'em," by Lieutenant Davidson, was very appropriate for the occasion, especially as the Lieutenant was representing the photographers attired in a shabby genteel costume.

The chimney sweep said there was a time when he could not go on a roof to sweep a chimney, it took a whole street to hold him. Ensign Lowry received a wire through the the operator, Captain Shea, asking if she was ready for India. She replied immediately, "Anywhere for Jesus, to the end of the earth I will go."

Ensign Rawling threw out the lift-line, two knelt at the Cross. One of them, a backslider; he had belonged to a pot gang in the United States, etc., had a narrow escape from being shot, a bullet having grazed his ear.—Bandmaster CANTLON.

Friday Night's Meeting.

Among the special meetings announced for the exhibition week, was a Hindoo Durbar for the Friday; this meeting was in charge of Captain Shea. The march was composed of Salvationists all attired in the Hindoo costume, and caused considerable interest as we marched around the main street, and drew a good crowd, both to the open-air and inside meeting. To see these comrades squatted on the platform, forced one to think that they must have really arrived in India, and the hot weather must have been about equal to that of India itself. The inside meeting was started off with the song:

"Salvation is our motto,"

which was played by the band, and sung by all present. The testimonies were led by Lieutenant Davidson, who treated us to a few Hindoo choruses.

The Lieutenant undertook to teach the audience, and got them to sing:

"Stutta we-wa, stutta we-wa,"

etc. That wonderful trophy, Joe Chapman, was prepared to do anything, dress in anything, and go anywhere for Jesus. This seemed to be the tone of the testimonies all through, and some officers, too, testified that they were ready for India should the Lord want them (but not yet, my comrades, the Canadian fight needs you yet). A song was next by the Portage in Prairie wonders, with guitar accompaniment:

"All round the world the Army chariot rolls."

Then came the eating of rice, and drinking in real Hindoo style; this was what brought the excitement of the crowd to a climax. Brother Shea washed hands, Lieutenant Davidson doing the pouring, after which he dished out the rice, and a lively Hindoo scene took place for the time being; but, no doubt, were it necessary he would be able to learn.

After the eating and drinking, we had a selection from Professor Turnwall on his mandolin, Sergeants Gooding and Crockford accompanying him with the guitars. Captain Shea was to give the missionary address, in which he referred to the work and its progress in India, relating incidents from Mrs. Major-General Kerr, and Commissioner Lucy Booth. Ensign Lowry read from God's Word, "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned." "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," after which a prayer meeting was held.

ENSIGN RAWLING.

Anniversary Meetings, Saturday and Sunday.

Ensign Lowry has been in charge of the Winnipeg corps just one year, and the Winnipegers must celebrate. Who could help but rejoice as they looked back over such an eventful year, and praise God for all the great things done. The Ensign did not give us any statistics, no doubt wishing facts to speak for themselves. A large number stood to their feet in the Sunday afternoon meeting to give evidence of the faithfulness of God and the Ensign, they having been saved during the last twelve months. The new barracks was also opened during the year, and sundry other improvements noticed. No wonder she said it was the best year she has ever spent in her career. More power to her.

Three souls sought the blessing of sanctification in the morning meeting, one got saved. At young fellow got saved in the afternoon and got very happy, coming back at night to testify, and three or four got in the fountain at night. One was a drunk, who knelt at the open-air and threw away his pipe, professing to get saved, and did considerable demonstrating. $60 was cleared from the proceeds of this meeting, and put towards the barracks' liabilities.

Eighty-seven soldiers were on the march Sunday night, and a packed hall. Much interest was roused in the city, and the Army got a good lift by these special meetings. Oh, yes, Winnipeg is all right. Hallelujah!

F. E. S

Riverside.—FLOODS OF BLESSING!—We have had the joy and privilege of having two of the newly-appointed Majors—Major Bennett and Major Streeton first, after their promotion; Major Complin, Editor, also with them, conducted the afternoon and evening meetings on Sunday, with one soul at each. We also had one at the morning, making three for the day. Good times all week. Blessings in copious showers; more to follow. —Captain ANDREWS.

Lisgar Street.—HE WAS ELECTRIFIED.—Knee-drill was a time of blessing. At holiness meeting an old gentleman, who had not met the Army till last Friday, said, "Brethren, God is in this place; my soul is all on fire. Who would not belong to this Army?" And, indeed, he seemed to be on fire for he could not keep his seat. He testified three times, praising God for giving him the privilege of meeting the Army. At night two souls came and sought salvation.—Cadet WOOD.

The Central Ontario Province.

He who leads a soul to Christ and then takes no further thought as to his welfare, will find that he has done a good stroke towards the manufacturing of a poor backslider. We are determined to make a real strenuous effort to add to our soldiers' roll during the remainder of this year. God will help us, and we will help ourselves. Now to the fray!

Will every local officer take this on their heart? Will they inquire at the monthly census meeting how the month's converts are getting on? Will they see that the visiting Sergeant has some reason for the convert's declension if there has been such? Note that every corps big and small, must have a visiting Sergeant, none must be without.

We are arranging so that the time to enroll shall be the Sunday afternoon, when the sick and wounded collection is taken up. Have the swearing in *outside and inside*, and then our converts will know that God, His Army, and dying souls expect them to turn up at the open-air. All hands to the front!

The officer appointed in the corps will take the names of all converts and will enter them in the proper penitent-form book; no corps must be without one. The D. O. will need to see it as he travels round, and the P.S. will ask for it at once.

Every convert should be the special care of one soldier, and they should never let him go till he is safe on the soldiers' roll, and saving someone else.

We shall now be fairly in swing for Harvest Festival. The Commandant's notes stare you in the face; dates have come like a war-whoop to our souls, and, thank God, we are "Ready, aye, ready."

What a magnificent chance we have in this Central Ontario Province! For miles and miles around many of our corps we have scores of farmers who will be willing to give us a helping hand with that which has cost some of them so little, and which a bountiful God has literally given.

Will each officer at once have a soldiers' meeting, lay your plans before them, get the loan of a horse and rig, drop a letter to all the farmers for miles around, tell them what you want, when you are coming? Take some sacks with you, and pray before you go.

Get a notice in the papers at once. See the Editor. Leave him a CRY, and explain your plans to him. Then go in for a house to house visit, and you will get a collection of goods that will draw a crowd who will come to get a bargain anyhow. Read carefully the Commandant's notes, they will help you as nothing else will.

A recent "Officer" contained some real practical hints for the successful conducting of Harvest Festivals. Will those officers who have not got the number write to me *for it* at once?

I wonder how the young Training Home boys and girls will acquit themselves this their first Harvest Festival? We shall see. I know some of them who will get a move on.

Every corps is now supposed to have the ward system going, and to have some work amongst the Juniors, however small. These are the corps that will stand a good show. Their ward Sergeants will visit and work up *their own wards*. The Juniors will *do their share*, and the officer that has been to the trouble to perfect these arrangements will now reap his reward; others will again have to do it *all themselves*.

Mrs. de Barritt is away in the Bracebridge district. Will all candidates make themselves known to her at once; get your case pushed through at once; let every corps strive to send a couple of people before the end of the new year. Hamilton should send us five at once; the Temple should produce the same number; Feversham has a half dozen nearly ready; Lisgar Street must be a recruiting as well as a training ground. What about Bowmanville? They have just sent one. Now, Ensign Hay, what about another?

Huntsville, I am informed, has some likely youngsters. Will the Captain send their names along? We want all sorts. The Social call for cooks, farmer's boys, and all sorts of boys almost. The Rescue and Children's Shelter always needs good folks, and the field still calls for men and women with grit, go, gumption and godliness. Hurry up, one and all. Souls are going to hell, and the salvation of Christ needs messengers to go forth in the name of God and truth.

The Singing Troupe and the Tent Brigade are still on the wing. We want some young men soldiers who will give a couple of months to travel about and help the Kingdom under canvas. The Singing Brigade also need some women or men soldier singers, or those who can play an instrument nicely. Here is a chance for that soldier who, may be, is unable to offer for the field right away, but who can come and do a good month, or even two, for the salvation of souls. Write at once.

Mrs. Wiseman, at Richmond Street, has been very ill indeed; will you pray for her? We need her at the front of the battle. The Brigadier was unable to go to Welland, as he was suffering from a sprained knee. Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer took the meetings at the Temple Sunday. Any corps who want a good week-end should get Mrs. Jewer to give them a Sunday and Monday. Major Friedrich went to Newmarket for the Sunday with a scratch band. Corps desiring a visit should drop a note to the Trade Secretary through their D.O. A real treat. Captain Green is in charge of the tents. He's the boy to get a move on. Captain Smith, from Stouffville, has gone to assist Ensign Hay, at Bowmanville.

Do any of our up-country officers or soldiers ever hear of employers needing *good and honest workman?* Some of our best people are out of work. Any officer finding work for such would be sure of getting some good soldiers in their part. If you can help us in this way, do so, and what thou doest do quickly.

More than ever we see the need of consecrated lives, the street corners, the houses of the poor, the sick and needy, the poor sinner going down to hell who will always stop and listen to a Salvationist at the street corner. your wives, and husbands. The Lord Jesus Christ appeals for whole-hearted service. What kind of a life are you living to Him? Are you *hot* or *cold?* Do you love souls, or are you living in carelessness as to the salvation of the poor sinner? Eternity is coming on! The Judgment seat is not far away! The open grave awaits us! Oh, my comrades, to the rescue, or God will blot out our names as *unworthy* of the heaven he has prepared.

A. De B.

BE NOT CONFORMED.

In the good old Book which we take for our guide and chart, we see very plainly and distinctly these words, "Be not conformed to the world." St. Paul in writing these words does not speak to the ungodly, but to the believer, those who stand as representatives of Jesus Christ, whether Methodists, Salvationists, Baptists, Congregationalists, or any other kind of "ists"—these words apply to all.

What a number of people there are who make a profession of serving God, and yet dress like the world, participate in all worldly amusement, read all kinds of trashy literature, and then have the audacity to say they are the children of God. I should like here to ask how can these things be. The Bible informs us that the friendship of the world is enmity to God, and depend on it, the spirit of godliness and worldliness can't mix together any more than oil and water. Some Salvationists wear worldly things themselves. For instance, the hallelujah dress which aroused the devil's indignation and made him gnash his teeth, has been discarded by some. The sleeves which once were plain and neat, have been exchanged for the puffs and worldliness.

As one who loves the Army, and who believes its rules and regulations, I say I have been pained at the heart when I have seen and heard these things.

My dear comrades, let us try and get as far away from the world as possible, leave it alone with its vain pleasures, its empty show, its idle pomp. Let us be a separate people, a holy people, have a heart baptized with Divine love, a spirit filled with the Holy Ghost, then we shall be successful in lifting up fallen humanity.

CAPTAIN PENNEY,
Summerside, P.E.I.

Paris.—Lots of hard fighting gives us a good appetite. We are determined to defeat the devil.

Hallelujah Gale from Woodstock was with us. A blessed meeting was reported at the soldiers' meeting Wednesday night. Thursday night the Gale was all on fire. Crowd small, but a big meeting. Saturday night, open-air.

Sunday night good march and meeting inside. Rev. Mr. Bolton read the lesson. Very impressive meeting. Captain Cockerill and wife very tired, but in for victory.—[illegible] LAURENT, S.C.

A FEW CUTTINGS

(From the "London Advertiser.")

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION TO MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH—CAPTIVATING ADDRESS BY THE DISTINGUISHED LEADER—STIRRING WORDS BY OTHER WORKERS—CHARACTERISTIC APPEAL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BUILDING FUND.

A large crowd at the C. P. R. station Saturday evening witnessed the arrival of Mrs. Commandant Booth, the handsome and accomplished daughter-in-law of the famous General and founder of the Salvation Army. The local Army, with its band, was in waiting. The train pulled in at eight, and Mrs. Booth's appearance was the signal for an enthusiastic volley from cornet, drum, and throat. Mrs. Booth and party were escorted to a nicely decorated carriage, and, headed by the band, the procession moved down Richmond street to Dundas, and thence to the market square. The members of the Army carried flags and colors in profusion and made an imposing appearance. A short open-air meeting was held on the square, the soldiers being encircled by a large crowd of auditors. Addresses and prayers were delivered by the officers, and the songs of salvation were sung.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

Mrs. Commandant Booth did not take part in yesterday morning's service at the barracks, but she was given a royal greeting in the afternoon. The hall was crowded, and Mrs. Booth, all dimples and smiles, and with the red and white sash of her order over her shoulder, appeared on the scene from the right of the platform. She was accompanied by her Secretary. The band played an important part in the greeting, and each and every instrument was made to speak. The scene was altogether a pretty one. Row upon row of blue-bonnetted and red-coated lassies and soldiers stood up and sang,

"I am a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb."

Mrs. Brigadier Margett's spoke next of her own conversion in a little north of England barracks where she could touch the ceiling with her hands when she was on the penitent bench. And Mrs. Margetts is a small woman, pale, but with an earnestness of purpose that shows in her every action.

Mrs. Booth can win soul's with her voice, but when she sings others want to listen. She sang a beautiful hymn for the first time, but the audience did not know it. "Well, we will sing something you all know," said she, "it's so hard to sing alone." The hymn they all knew was—

"Oh, 'tis glory, oh, 'tis glory,
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul;
For I have touched the hem of His garment,
And His blood has made me whole."

"And His blood has made me whole," repeated Mrs. Booth. "That's for the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, for everybody in the community. Let us smile while we sing."

Major Complin followed and urged the efficiency of the smile. He spoke of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ as the ultimate solution of the great problem of labor vs. capital. He also told some stories illustrative of the Army's work in Australia, where he was recently stationed.

Brigadier Margetts then announced, in a very cool and collected manner, that they had just one thousand to raise before ten.

Mrs. Booth sang another solo and then gave a Bible reading. Her text was: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more perfect unto the perfect day." Mrs. Booth has a winning way and an eloquent, persuasive and pleading manner, always smiling but ever earnest.

EVENING SERVICE.

The hall was crowded upstairs and down in the evening. Mrs. Booth was given the same inspiring reception that was accorded her in the afternoon. After a prayer by Major Complin,

"The Soldiers' Platform"

was sung by the audience.

Then Mrs. Booth sang sweetly, while the soldiers joined in,

"I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee."

Afterwards Mrs. Booth sang again.

Mrs. Booth, ever smiling and singing, then broke out with,

"Come ye, disconsolate,"

and,

"Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save."

She dwelt on the line,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

"Heaven," said she, "is a beautiful place for beautiful people."

"Is money the great thought of your lives—to get rich, and then when you die to leave it all behind? Let us live for God, let us live for eternity. Some of us are so blinded by the pleasures of this world that we cannot see. The Lord is here to open our poor blind eyes."

Mrs. (Commandant) Booth raised the flag last night on "Salvation Citadel," and led the inauguration services at the Army's new headquarters. There was a very large attendance, and the proceedings were of the most enthusiastic character.

Millbrook —He Blew his Cow's Horn.—The officers and soldiers seem to have taken the joy of the Lord as the strength of their lives. Their hearty welcome and co-operation does a fellow good. A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

At Manvers everybody seemed in the best of humor and going in for great victory.

Peterboro' has a good crowd of soldiers, a fine band, and a wonderful chance to fight for God and souls. If they were all where they should be the Training Garrisons would soon claim a number of them. Oh, for a prism of love and loyalty to God's cause and dying souls! The G. B. M. agent here is of the proper material, and will push the work. Everybody help her.

Lakeland is pulling away at the oars. The red man still exists and blows his cow's horn for Jesus. He says when the officers left he went to church and began to praise God as usual; people did not like his noise. He asked the Lord what he would do. The Lord said, buckle on the drum; and he did so, and together with his faithful wife still holds the fort. A number have been converted and added to the ranks since. They gave us three dollars and twenty cents collection, and cried when saying good-bye, and asked us to go back. Thank God for noble-hearted people.

We are now at Norwood. We expect to welcome to our midst Brigadier Booth, our Provincial Secretary. Hurrah for a big time. Town roused, hall crowded, souls saved.—T. E. Mason.

Men of mark are not always men of remark.

"I'm sorry," is the plaster; the wound is still there.

If you will be a light you must not shrink from burning.

"Malice toward none, charity for all, firmness in the right."—General Lincoln.

The Kingdom of God cometh not by observation.

The tide changes no sooner for your standing on the shore.

While he was polishing his glasses the procession passed by.

The Army drum used at Mayville, N.Y., is a relic of the war of 1812.

Test your sanctification by the amount of forbearance you feel when abused.

God had one Son without sin, but He had no Son without temptation.

"The devil tempts most men, but an idle man tempts the devil."—Spanish Proverb.

"Like a beautiful flower full of color without scent, are the fine, but fruitless, words of him who does not act accordingly."—Buddha.

New S. A. Watches. Price $8. Waltham movement, dust-proof case, stem-winder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Crest engraved on back. Order at once.

"Sweating the Straw-Plaiters," is the subject of an instructive and suggestive article appearing in the current number of the *Social Gazette*. Seventy hours' work for two shillings is the latest discovery.

Money to Loan.—Friends having large or small amounts to loan, at low interest, on good security, should write at once to The Financial Secretary, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

At the Salvation Army Farm Colony at Pakenham, Australia, the number of men recruited from the streets, lacking the necessities of life and received upon the farm, in five months, was 125.

Our editorial-comrade, Staff-Captain Eileen Douglas, of *All the World*, is on furlough in the United States, which means a change of scene but little cessation of work. *All the World* may expect some early pennings.

You should wear Regulation Uniform.—The way to get it is to write to the Trade Secretary for samples of Dress Goods and Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once. Great variety in Serges and Cashmeres. Try Headquarters!

The man who is known to have been sick, speaks of the power of his physician without saying a word, simply being seen to be in health; and every recovered Christian by his life ought to speak out boldly.

COAL AND WOOD.

The Social Wing of the Salvation Army can supply you with the right article at the right price. By dealing with us you enable us to help the needy. Express orders taken. Furniture removed. Yard and Office: corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street. 'Phone 761. Branch Office: corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets. 'Phone 8685.

Our Branch Coal and Wood Office is at the corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. Prompt and careful attention to all orders.

HAVE YOU READ

"Perfect Love,"

By REV. J. A. WOOD?

It is the book you should read. You can obtain it from the Trade Secretary at $1.00 per copy.

N E W !

New Ready for Sale.

MEN'S CRIMSON CASHMERE BLOUSES

Made of fine material. Just the thing you want for summer. We make them in three qualities, at

$1.75, $2.00 and $2.25 each.

When ordering send size of neck with order.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

				Price
No. 1—21 strings,	3 bars,	producing	3 chords	$ 4 00
" 2—[illegible] "	4 "	"	4 "	5 00
" [illegible]—[illegible] "	5 "	"	5 "	5 50
" 3—[illegible] "	4 "	"	9 "	11 50
" 4—[illegible] "	5 "	"	11 "	15 00
" 5—[illegible] "	5 "	"	13 "	20 00
" 6—[illegible] "	6 "	"	16 "	27 00

YOU NEED NOT BE TOO LATE

If you have one of our S. A. watches. Only $8. Secure one right away.

TEXTS AND MOTTOES

Boldly stamped in Silver Letters on Dark Ground. Beautiful and unsurpassed for wall decoration for Barracks, Quarters, Homes, Hospitals, etc. Write for Special Price List.

M. MEDIUM SHIELDS.

Size, 6 x 8½ inches. Price, 12½c. each.

Your life is hid with Christ, etc.
It is God that girdeth me, etc.
Shew me Thy way, O Lord, etc.
Come unto Me and I will give you rest.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the life.
Casting all your care upon Him, etc.

N. STAR SERIES.

15c. each; two for 25c.

The Lord will go before you.
He is able to keep you.
Christ shall give thee light.
Ye shall abide in My love.
He will be our Guide.
We trust in the living God.

O. FAN SERIES.

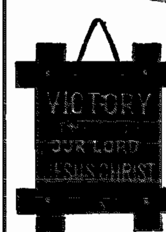
Size, 8 x 6½ in. Price, 15c. each; two for 25c.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.
Teach me to do Thy will.
We would see Jesus.
Christ hath redeemed us.

R. SILVER BELL SERIES.

Size, 5 x 6½ inches. Price, 10c. each.

My grace is sufficient for thee.
Christ has made us free.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
He is faithful that promised.
Give thanks unto the Lord.
With my song will I praise Him.



L. OXFORD TEXTS.

Size, 5 x 6½ inches. Price, 10c. each.

He is faithful that promised.
Underneath are the everlasting arms.
His Banner over me was love.
He satisfieth the longing soul.
Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Commit thy ways unto the Lord.

Have You Read The Latest?

WHAT?

Why the Yearly Report for 1894, "From Victory to Victory." Only 5 cts.

S. A. LIBRARY.

Add to your Bookcase the following:

The Backwood's Preacher	$ 40
" " " (later edition).	70
Life-Sketches of the Late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (cloth)	1 00
Reminiscences of Isaac Marsden	40
Natural Law in the Spiritual World.—Prof. Drummond	1 00
Cruden's Bible Concordance	1 00
Billy Bray (cloth)	40
Wesley's Notes on the New Testament	70
" " " " "	1 25
Annual Report, 1894	5
Revival Sermons and Addresses by Caughey	1 25
Perfect Love.—Rev. Wood	1 00

MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS.

General's Jubilee Number.

His Yoke is Easy. Jesus Lives. Take it all. Come, Holy Ghost. From the Regions of Woe. The Lord will Pardon You. Warning Voices. Jesus, Friend of Sinners. Marching Through the Land. That Beautiful Home. The Flag of the Free. Always Looking unto Jesus. Jesus Came My Ransom to be.—10 cents.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible particulars* should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted *in the event of changing their address*. This is most important.

1422 **Trowbridge, Henry.** Last heard of at the Liverpool Docks England. Twenty-one years ago he worked on the railroad. His daughter, Annie Clare Trowbridge, who left England seventeen or eighteen years ago, is very anxious to hear from him. Address Burleigh Falls, Burleigh, Ontario. English Crys please copy.

1423 **Benawasey, Alice.** Native of Tunis, Arabia. Last heard of 28 years ago. Age about 67. Anyone knowing anything of him, whether living or dead, please write at once to Mrs. David Mamey, Comelly's House, Own St., St. John, N.B. All Crys please copy.

1424 **Waite, David.** Went to New Zealand 20 years ago last December. Has not been heard from for 19 years. His address then was Invercargill P. O. He is very tall, dark complexion, age 37. Left a wife and three children. His sister, Mrs. T. Bailey, Paris, Ont., is very anxious. Australian and New Zealand Crys please copy.

1425 **Lipscombe, Stephen.** Left Brighton in 1886. Last address, in May, 1893, was Centre Ave., West Winnipeg, Man. Age 69 medium height, full beard turning grey, tailor by trade. There is a young son who is a shoemaker. Daughter enquires.

1426 **Walker, Captain.** Left England in 1888 for the slum work in Canada. A native of Ireland. A comrade enquires.

1427 **Brownlow, Thomas Jonathan.** Left England in June, 1869. A carriage painter by trade, but he also sold sewing machines. His last address, in 1882, was Leamington P.O., Ont. He had also lived in Collingwood, where he owned a small house on Robinson St. He is married and when last heard from had one little boy. Age 52, fair complexion, dark hair, one foot small, walks lame. Only sister enquires.

1428 **Welsh, Edward.** Left home about five years ago. Supposed to be in Winnipeg. Age 33, height 5 feet 9, dark hair and moustache, labourer. Has been in H. M. Army. Native of Cheltenham, Eng.

1429 **Going or Gowan, John.** Age 32, fair complexion, rather stout, slightly bow-legged. Left Sligo in May, 1887, for Canada. Used to preach, was also a great walker and a good musician. Very much inclined to travel. When last heard of was visiting Mr. A. Hem, cattle merchant, Chicago.

1430 **Going, Joseph Aloysius** (alias **Burgess**). Age 36, fair, blue eyes. Left British Navy and joined the American Navy. Name of last ship "Juniata." Travelled with his brother John in a vessel from Quebec to Montreal.

1431 **Henley, Lizzie.** Age 24, short, fair hair, blue eyes. Last known address c.o. Mrs. W. Moore, 189 Hughson St., Hamilton. Parents have written but received no answer.

1391 **Chapman, Richard.** Left Belfast, Ireland, about 20 years ago. Last heard from about 10 years ago. Blacksmith by trade—worked for miners in Kimberly, South Africa. Also supposed to have worked in Capetown, boarded at Watertree Hotel. Age 50, height 5 feet 9 inches, dark sandy hair, dark eyes. Anyone having information please write Mrs. Chapman, 267 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont. African Cry please copy.

1432 **Price, William.** Age 54, height 5 feet 7. Last heard from in 1870, from Wayne County, Ont. Supposed to be a warden in some prison. Was thinking of joining the Freemasons. Brother George enquires.

1433 **Moore, Thomas.** Age about 45, tailor by trade. Joined the S. A. in London and went to Canada. Had formerly lived in Cork, Ireland. His sister enquires.

1434 **Murphy, William.** Left London in 1886 and was heard from in 1889, when he was working at the Wilber Iron Mines, in Ontario. Age 29, height 5 feet 8 inches, fair hair, brown eyes. Two years ago a man from the mines called to see his parents and said he was doing well, was foreman at a mine and had married a Salvationist. They had written to the mines but received no reply.

1435 **Thomas, Alexander E. (Sandy).** Mason by trade and can do agricultural work. Age 32, dark hair and eyes. Last wrote in May, 1888, from Brantford, Ont. Letters have been sent to P. O. and returned. His home was in Wales. Parents enquire.

1436 **Stockford, John Albert.** Formerly of Hibernia, Queen's County, New Brunswick, will learn something to his advantage by communicating with his mother, Mrs. Stockford, Hibernia, Queen's County, N.B. Mr. Stockford is about 48 years of age, height 5 feet 10 inches, brown hair, blue eyes, rather deaf. Anyone having any information please write at once.

1437 **Glover, Charlie.** Left his home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, laced boots, brown coat, age 13 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

1438 **Stone, John.** Last heard of about three years ago. Was then working in a Toronto piano factory. His brother George is anxious. Address 102 Bond Street.

1439 **Murray, James.** Native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Age 28. Left Glasgow in 1886 for Winnipeg, Man.,—employed in Brunswick Hotel. Went to work on Hudson Bay Railroad in 1887. Not heard from since. Any information thankfully received by his brother, W. D. Murray, c.o. D. O'Donnell, Chatham, Ont.

Now Ready!

"FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY,"

The latest Yearly Report. Per copy, 25 cents. Post free.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

CANADA, - - - - - September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
NEWFOUNDLAND, - - Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.

Coming Events

THE COMMANDANT

with the Naval Brigade will visit and conduct great Salvation Demonstrations at the following places:

WINDSOR, Friday, August 24th.
CHATHAM, Saturday and Sunday, August 25th and 26th.
TILBURY CENTRE, Monday, August 27th.
*ORILLIA, Sunday, September 2nd.
TORONTO TEMPLE, Sunday, September 9th.

* The Naval Brigade will not accompany the Commandant here.

MRS. BOOTH

will conduct Special Demonstrations in Western Ontario.

STRATFORD, Thursday, August 16th.
STRATHROY, Friday, August 17th.
PETROLIA, Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th.
MONTREAL, Sunday and Monday, August 26th and 27th.
TORONTO TEMPLE, Sunday, September 9th.

Mrs. Booth will be accompanied by Provincial Officers, Adjutant Jones, and all the surrounding officers and soldiers. Look out for local announcements.

THE GENERAL

At ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND,

SEPT. 18th or 19th.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for **Captain Crook** through West Ontario Province.—Stratford, August 17th, 18th and 19th; Mitchell, August 20th and 21st; Seaforth, August 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Bayfield, August 25th, 26th and 27th; Goderich, August 28th, 29th and 30th; Clinton, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Wingham, September 6th, 7th and 8th; Brussels, September 11th and 12th; Listowel, September 13th and 14th; Palmerston, September 15th, 16th and 17th.

THE EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for **Ensign Cowan** through the East Ontario Province.—Port Hope, August 21st; Cobourg, August 22nd; Brighton, August 23rd; Trenton, August 24th; Belleville, August 25th and 26th.

HARVEST FESTIVAL DATES:

CANADA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 29th and 30th and October 1st.

S. A. Tea.—Our Tea Department now can supply pure Ceylon teas, the most delicious in the world, in the following blends: "Jubilee," 50c. per pound; "Bouquet," 40c. per pound; "Nun Blue," 50c. per pound, black or mixed; "Japan," green, 50c. per pound. All these packed in lead packages of one half or one lb. pound, with distinctive labels. Order direct, or through your Captain.

THE SONG WAR.

TUNE—*The heavenly gates are blowing.* (B. B., 19; B.J., 86.)

1 My poor soul was once held by Satan's strong chain.
I thought that no power could e'er free me again;
I came to the fountain that cleanses from sin,
And trusting my Saviour, and trusting my Saviour,
And trusting my Saviour, now I have entered in.

CHORUS.

The fountain still is open,
The Saviour makes you welcome;
His precious blood is flowing
Just now to set you free.

The darkness that filled my poor soul with despair,
Has all been removed by His wonderful power;
The love of my Saviour now fills all my heart,
And trusting each other, we never shall part.

Oh, come to my Saviour, no longer delay,
In Him there's salvation, full, present and free;
If only you'll trust Him, His peace you shall know,
His joy as a river your heart shall o'erflow.

E. PURSELL, New Westminster, B.C.

TUNE—*So early in the morning.*

2 When first I heard our Army brave,
They told me of Christ's power to save;
Then I in earnest did begin
To cry to God to take me in.

CHORUS.

Now I am saved and happy,
Now I am saved and happy,
Now I am saved and happy,
For Jesus He is mine.

I am glad the change has come to me,
For I have got sweet liberty;
The Lord's my Helper day by day
And keeps me in the narrow way.

My burden's gone, my heart is light,
And I'm delighting in the fight;
The peace of God now fills my soul,
And I am made completely whole.

Oh, will you have this precious Friend
To guide and keep you to the end!
Then when the fighting here is o'er
You'll dwell with Him on Canaan's shore.

GEO. CRANE, New Westminster.

TUNE—*The Great Physician.*

3 Once I was far away in sin,
Knew not God's power to save me;
Just as I was I came to Him,
And He has made me happy.

CHORUS.

I am happy all the time,
I am happy all the time;
Jesus cleansed my heart from sin,
And now I am so happy.

My heart was proud, I did not care
For Jesus' love and favor;
But now I love to do His will,
And please my blessed Saviour.

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,
He'll bear your sin and sorrow;
He'll cleanse your heart from inbred sin,
And lasting peace will follow.

ALICE BIRCH, Cobourg.

TUNE—*Redeeming love.* (B.B., 70: B.J., 26. S.M.I., 26.)

4 We're a happy blood-washed band,
And we're doing all we can
To save the world and win it o'er to God.
Sometimes the way is rough,
And the fighting very tough,
But we're treading in the path our Saviour trod.

CHORUS.

We'll all shout hallelujah, etc.

Oh, it makes the devil mad,
And it makes the soldiers glad
When they see a soul returning home to God.
With the news of freedom found,
We will make the world resound,
And we're sure to conquer 'neath the fire and blood.

Oh, the time is drawing nigh
When both rich and poor will cry:
"Oh, Lord, have mercy now upon my soul!"
Then why not come to-night
And enter in the fight,
And let the Saviour make you fully whole?

TUNE—*Meet me at the fountain.* (B.J., 13.)

5 Sinner, listen to your Saviour,
As He calls for you to-day;
Come now seek His face and favor,
Do no longer now delay.
Many times to you He's spoken,
Called to you, but all in vain;
Swing your heart's door widely open,
Don't reject Him o'er again.

CHORUS.

Sinner, come to Christ, your Saviour,
He will save and set you free;
Come just now and seek His favor,
While He's calling now to thee.

Could you know how much He suffered,
When they nailed Him to the tree;
And the very words He uttered,
Breathed forgiveness full and free.
And the bitter pain and anguish,
When He shed His blood for thee;
As upon the Cross He languished,
On the heights of Calvary.

But He rose the Lord of Glory,
And His love it is for thee;
Sinner, listen to my story,
Jesus will your Saviour be.
You may dwell in heaven for ever,
Reign with Him eternally;
And from loved ones never sever,
If from sin you're pure and free.

JENNIE ANDERSON, Newcastle.

TUNE—*Cleansing for me; or, Long, long ago.* (B. J. No. 45.)

6 Lord at Thy footstool I patiently wait,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
Come, and within me a new heart create,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
Give me that power, that courage and zeal,
That I may show that for Thee I am real,
Give me that love that will make others feel,
Set me on fire!

Baptize me, Lord, with the Holy Ghost power,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
To do Thy will, help me each day and hour,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
For this I make a complete sacrifice,
To give to Thee, Lord, a whole-hearted life,
To nobly fight through the bitterest strife,
Set me on fire!

Thousands are perishing, going to hell,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
Help me the glorious salvation to tell,
Set me on fire, set me on fire!
Oh, may my tongue ever speak of Thy name,
In burning accents Thy love I'll proclaim,
Living to serve Thee, this shall be my aim,
Set me on fire!

JOE COOKE, Kirkby Fleetham, near Bedale.

When thou cuttest down the harvest in the field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.—Deuteronomy xxiv, 19.

TUNE—*We're marching on to war.* B.B. 54; S.M. II. 10.)

7 Oh, when I came to Jesus He pardoned all my sins,
He gave me joy and gladness, and peace and rest within,
And He took away the stony heart I used to have before,
And He placed a love within me for to praise Him evermore.

CHORUS.

Oh, glory to my Saviour, He's the Rose of Sharon fair,
The Lily of the Valley, too, most beautiful and rare,
And of Judah's tribe the Lion, so our battles He can win
By going on before us, and He saves us from our sin.

So I'm bound to sing His praises wherever I may be,
And tell the wondrous story of what Christ has done for me;
He has washed me from impurity and made me clean within,
And I'm now rejoicing daily for He keeps me from all sin.

So come then to my Saviour, He can do the same for you,
For there is nought too wonderful for Christ the Lord to do;
He'll break your chains of slavery as He has done for me,
Oh, glory to His precious name, He wills to set you free.

E. H., Vancouver.

Thou has multiplied the nations and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.—Isaiah ix, 3.